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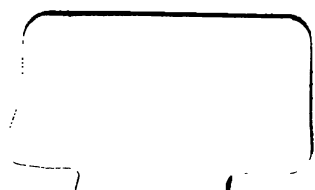


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MISSION AND
LETTERS OF
TERENCE QUINN McMANUS



MILES G. HYDE



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(Hyde)

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THE
Confession and Letters
OF
Terence Quinn McManus

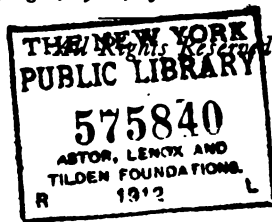
BY
MILES G. HYDE

Author of "The One-Time Wooden Spoon at Yale,"
"The Story of a Day in London," "The Girl
from Mexico, and other Short Stories,"
"Mary Markam, a Novel."



RICHARD G. BADGER
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NOTE: Those, who, like myself, were highly amused a few years ago by the humor and naiveté in "The Confession of Terence McManus," will find, I think, his letters from New York well worth perusing.

Though Terence has now put aside kiddish ways and his entertaining brogue, he still shows a plentiful naiveté in his new surroundings, and a point of view giving, even to the widest-known city "sights" described, a fresh and vivid interest; moreover, there are often interspersed incidents — usually humorous — befalling the sight-seeing "quartet." Often, too, come glimpses of Terence's genuine love romance.

To those of us Irish descent who are enthusiasts for a liberal education, it is pleasing to note Terence's development into one of those enthusiasts. Surely not a few will exultingly greet this type of the young Celt in fiction. One rarely sees it there. From Charles O'Malley to Mr. Dooley — and later — certain types have reappeared — occasionally, to some of us, bringing weariness. The big-hearted, heavy-drinking, unflinchingly loyal son of Mars, the swashbuckler, merry, adventurous, brave almost to recklessness, and — more recent figure — the saloon keeper, like Shakespeare's rotund Justice, "full of wise saws and modern (extremely modern) instances," the ward and still mightier city "boss," these, with other oft-repeated types, crowd our memories.

Why should not modern realistic fiction extend

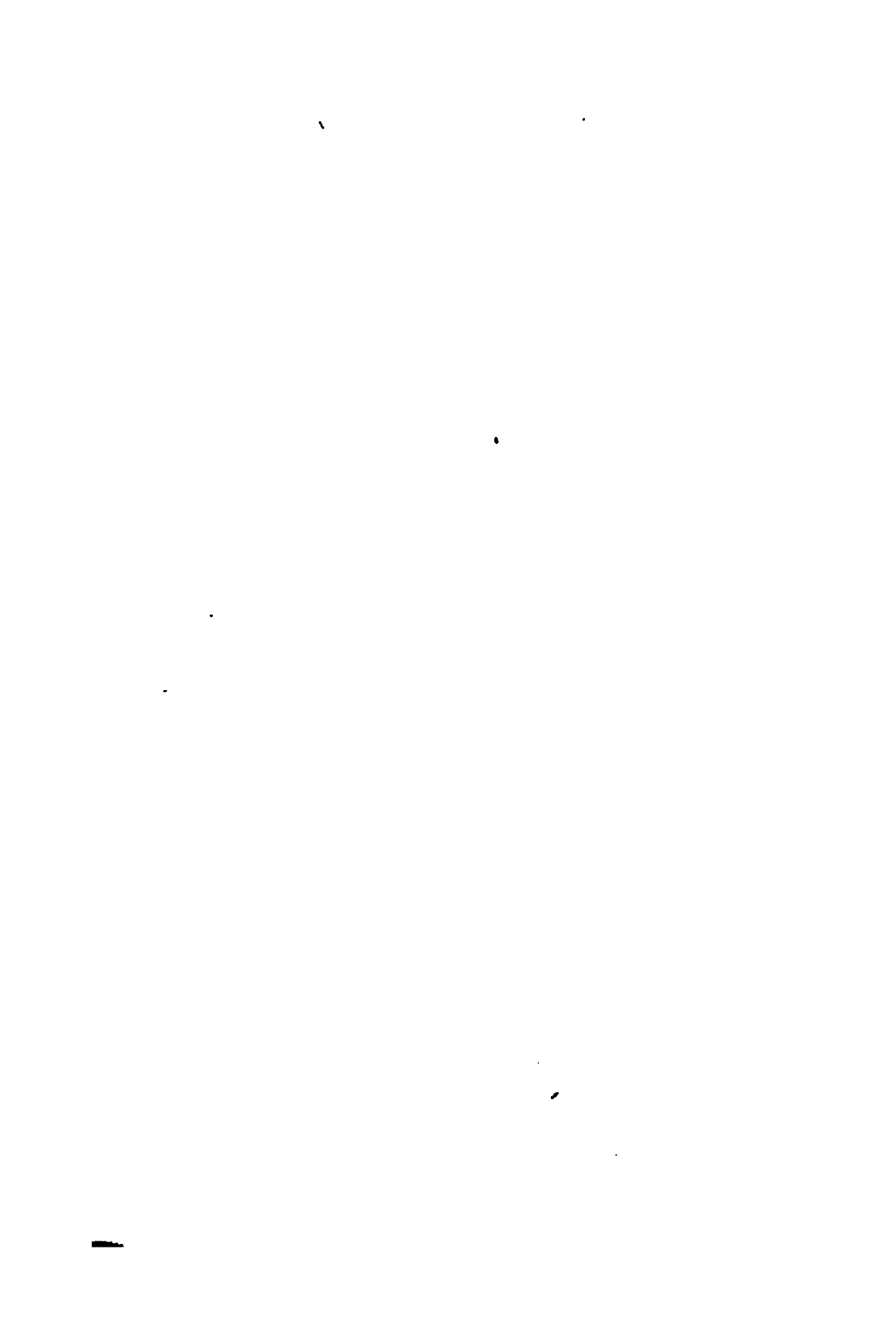
a fair show to the young Irish-American, fast multiplied in these later years, who seeks in a college education augmented intellectual power for life's practical affairs?

To this type Terence belongs. Like many another of similar ambition, though become a little less care free through strenuous struggle with circumstance, he yet retains the valiant heart, the love of romance, and the refreshing humor that are the imperishable heritage of the Irish race.

B. J. E.

(Hyde)

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THE CONFESSION OF TERENCE McMANUS

Taken from a volume of short stories published a few years since and written by Dr. MILES G. HYDE. This story was cut from a copy at hand of first, *unrevised* edition of book.

THE day afther the sivinth choild had come into our family, and, a moment later, had sint up the loudest yill ony McManus infant av sich tinder age had iver sint up, Mrs. McGraw raypor-rted — and she had heard the other six — me father, shmokin' his poipe by the kitchen foire, said: "Tirince, as ye know, yer two older brothers are stiddy, i n dustrious byes, but their day-wages as siction hands fut up only eighty cints aich; Mary Jane has stharterd foine, taichin' district school, but, av coorse, her pay is yit moderate. That laves me — if ye go to wurruk — with foive mouths to provide for, including yer mother and mesilf, which seems a plinty. Oi said foive mouths advisedly, for the dochter says the new-come little chap must be raised on the bottle, which manes buying, roight away, extra moilk. Now, will yez jine the byes on the railroad —" father was a siction boss, well

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prized by the coompany — “or will yez be ap-
printiced to a thrade, with boord and clothes
comin’ to ye, the foist year, and something more,
in money, thereafter? Oi know av siveral such
chances for ye, here in our shmall city.”

Before Oi cud make repley, me father koinly
added: “Me bye, Oi wud have loiked ye priested
or turned out a docther, but the McManus trisury
has no funds to hilp ye to such distinction.”

Me answer was riddy: Oi had seen this viry
situation coming. Oi had indade done foinely in
my sthudies — all but shpelling — the divil take
that — Oi wanted to shpell as Oi talk. Oi want to
yit. The wurruds go down spaidily whin Oi wroit
that way; but there’s some hisitation before Oi put
them down in American shtoile, Oi should say,
style. Oi was the bist pinman and the bist in
faygers in the Hoigh School, but “ony shtudy at
all rather than har-rd wurruk with me hands”
was me silent motto. Oi boldly answered me
father: “Shure, Oi’ll not be a mechanic, nor do
any sort av har-rd manual labor. Oi’ll take such
education as Oi have and get implyment. Before
long, Oi’ll become confidintial man to some great
gentleman, and, besides, Oi’ll be a hayro.”

Me father tuk out his poipe and shtared at me
in surprise.

“Oi’ll git a living, and not disgrace ye,” Oi

says further, rising from the chair, "and Oi'll begin soon." The wurruds, "Tirince, Oi've faith in ye," chayred me har-rt, as Oi passed to the doore.

Oi was now noineteen, tall, broad-shouldered and roody, indade, looking ivery inch the soldier, with two not oogly scar-r lines on me lift chake, as if from a dooel, and with a pair av clair, blue eyes, kaping a sharrup lookout on the wurruld.

Yit, if it came to a foight with wan av me soize, Oi know well me chicken hairt, but in the foive years since the McManuses — from the ould sod — sittled in Lanesboro, divil a one ilse had known av the chicken hairt but Jirry McArty, who has his own raisons for keeping quoite. In me foirst year owver, Jirry and meself, wan day in a paice av wuds, tuk up the question, which wan av us had the affictions av winsome Mary Delaney, thin comin' twilve. Prisently, with an air av claiming soshal superiority for himself and Mary as well, — his father being a railroad contrhactor, and Mary's kaping the corner-saloon, — Jirry retorted, "Shure, Mary Delaney can't raily be carin' for the loikes of ye." With that, Oi let fly me finger nails at his face, but he was that quick and handy with *his* finger nails, and fishts, too, that at the finish Oi had more scratches than him, and two black eyes, and him with no black eye

at all. Howiver, he was that phroud, he kipt his scratches housed as long as Oi did me own injuries. It's the scar-rs from Jirry's two daipest scratches that now give accint to me mairtial ap-pairance.

The same year of the dispute with Jirry, Oi licked shure enough Eddie Arnow, roight on the main shtreet, for sicing on me a dog that gouged me leg in two places. This Eddie, a bye adopted by a family in our yoong city, maybe behaved quoite dacint to those who had contrhacted to bring him up. Onyway, they dressed him in foine clothes, vilvit knickerbokers, wide collars, soot-able to a prince, et cetera, but out in the strates, he sassed and black-guairded nearly iverybody he shpoke to, yit it's truth, Oi niver should have tackled him at all, but for his being shmaller and waker than meself. Me aqual in age, he shtood only to me shoulder, whither the candy he was always aiten stunted him, Oi dunno, and he was shimsy and slim all tru, with ridiculous pipe-stem legs showing benaith the knickerbokers. Oil the same, and with me openly saying it did not look well — me pitching into such a bye — he was that unpopular that folks generally gave me some credit for licking him, and since Oi've been willing to lit me riputation in that loine shtand at that.

Now, further, about me wurruds to father in

the kitchen. For some years, a longing at toimes had seized me to become a hayro av adventure in the imply av some ghrate man or coompany. Av coorse, Oi cud go advinturing on me own hook, but fwere wud be the wages from that? "Whin Oi've important confidential implymint," Oi says to meself, "in regarrud to ghrate people's schaimes, besides the wages, Oi'll feel Oi'm in a way cutting a big figure, and may be famous out av it; onyway, Oi'll shtand a good chance av a foine promotion." Whin loitely, Oi rid siveral popular rhomances — dhrawn from the City Library,— depicting hayroes av Louis the Fifteenth's toime, and av other toimes, going around extracting a king, queen, or some hoigh-moighty person from a hivvy trouble, or covering it from the eyes av the wurruld, me ambition was foired afrish — though not for their bloody way av proceeding at toimes. In civilized countries, now-a-days such advinturers wud git themselves hung or elictrocuted for their body-shticking game, though bayonet chairges yit occur sometoimes in war-r. Naither, as alriddy implied, wud Oi as a hayro, risk an incounter with me fishts. Laving out the two exciptions mintioned Oi'd not shirk at all. Oi'd not shirk haird rhiding, big thramping and long joomps; Oi'm hairdy and thrained that way. But Oi'd depind mainly on winning with

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me wits,—“and Oi’d enter but daycint advintures.” Only meself had the particklars of me plan.

The nixt morning aafter me talk, Oi was in-shtalled as missinger in the biggest manufactory in the place, or for that, for money a moile about. No matther through what infloocene me position came, though Oi’ll say this, the superintindint av the wurruks was a good friend av moine, with his bye, in me classes at the Hoigh School, niver showing me scant rispict, and himself often passing pleasant jokes with me in the street. Me pridecessor at the factory, a rilative av the prisident, had loitely been getting bumptions and was dischairged, the day before me appintmint, for insubordination. Oi considered meself moighty lucky to be shtarted so soon earning fair wages, and with quoitte favorable prospects, Oi flattered meself, for beginning the career av a hayro. Me orders mostly came dirict from the prisident, or superintindint av the coompany, and Oi soon discovered Oi could in fairness disignate me position as at laist simi-confidintial. Shure, if Oi had gone about tilling certain missages—all roight and proper business—loike the others—that wint to the dipartmint, a devil av a ruction wud have shprung up, some min is that touchy. Oi had good hopes, by a faithful discharge av me duties, and by some extra attintions to the presi-

dint, av occupying before long a position roight on the line av me spicial ambition, as Oi'll soon explane.

Though me duties scarce matched with me education, Oi felt quite phroud, that foirst day. The office was lairge as a dacint soized church and had, towards wan ind, an inclosure railed off for use av the prisidint, superintindint, the corrisponding, and ricording sietary. In the big pairt outside the rail, the bookkeeper and six clerruks soilently wurruked at their various disks. A little room for the stinographer and toipe-writer comboined, gave off from the office. Near the doore laiding to this saicluded apartmint, shtood a chair and table to accommodate the missinger, while waiting for ordhers. The tinkle of a shmall bell summoned him to the prisidint or superintindint. There were elietric bells for calling the heads av dipartmints, but communication with the differint buildings and dipartmints was mostly by the missinger, bhearing written or shpoken missages. The office was located on the sicond flure av wan av thray imminse, long buildings, joined to aich other so as to form in the middle a rictangular coort, open, howiver, at wan ind.

A bridge called by the min the bridge av shmall sighs, connicted the sicond flure av our building

at the cinter, with the corresponding flure av the opposite building. On me foirst day's wurruk, whoile returning over this bridge with a written missage, a sudden goost av wind shnatched the paper from me hand, and sint it fluttering to the ground, fhwere it wint hopping along till it lodged be a box shtanding there. "Here," Oi says, viry prisintly, "is a chance for me raysources. No doore froonts the coort in the lower shtory of either building; if Oi go into aither, thin down and out, and, making me way to the open ind av the coort, thraverse nair its entire length to ray-cover the note, too much toime will be used." So Oi promptly cloimbed down wan av the posts suppoorting the bridge, secured the paper, and with it in me insoide pocket, cloimbed back agin and wint on me way. A departmint superintindint looking from a window saw me afther Oi cloimbed down. Oi was plased loiter to overhear him telling the prisidint, afther saying, "it'll teach him to be more careful," "he's good stuff, he's got out of it well." "A good complimint," Oi says to meself, "for the foirst day."

Befoor the six o'clock whistle blew, Oi had a difinite private schaime in me head. Oi wud aim to becoom, in two or three years' toime, confiden-shal man — on outside matthers, to Mr. Willis, the coompany's prisidint. He was the ghratest

man in Lanesboro in power and infloence. Often had Oi heard him stoyled "a viry practical, mithodical man" (and he certainly looked that) "divoted to his business and family." "But afther all," Oi says, "he may have icciting, possibly rho-mantic projects to cary tru that have no bhairing at all on the manufacturing business. He may be joost the wan to appreciate me spicial talent. And he can pay well for its implyement."

Oi'll say briefly that for oight months in the factory Oi was niver intoirly discouraged about the success av me schaim. Me faith wavured, some-toimes being quoit strong, and again, quoit wake.

The first week in the office, Oi rindeered Mr. Willis certain little attintions, niglicted, or at laist, omitted, Oi was told, by me pridicissor, Tom Monahan. Near closing toime, Oi wint over the prisidint's derby and overcoat viry loively with the whisk-broom, whisking a few more strokes than were actooally required. Afther hoilping on with the overcoat, Oi always dhrew it will up at the collar, and jirked the under coat down out av soight, just as Billy Henderson, the swill barber had his customers traited, and Oi was quick with a loight for the prisidint's cigar; humble attintions av coorse, but Oi cud see they plaised Mr. Willis, be the joking wurruds he was giving me before laving the office.

Not mony days afther, wun noonning, iverybody was out tackling a boite, except the prisidint, meself, and wan sirectary, bint over his wurruk. Prisintly, Mr. Willis, whoile passing me, with his eye looking shtraight ahead, and his moind ividintly concintrated on business, dhrew his hand from his vist pockit, and unbeknown to himsilf, flipped a grayn-back to the flure. Hurrying to pick it up, Oi saw it was a fifty dollar note. "Mr. Willis," Oi called, going afther him, "you dropped this." He turned and Oi handed him the bill, not mintioning the value. But he noticed that; thin, afther a quick soorvey of the entoire office, impty but for us two and the sirectary, still bint over his wurruk, the prisidint gave me a sloight smoyle and nod, and walked on. Oi wud have returned the money whatever the value; but Oi wud roither have seen "fifty" than "wan" mar-arked on the bill. It seemed, that way, the incident moight have greater effect. Onyway, the nixt week, Oi began carrying, at toimes, coompany deposits to the bank, which the last missinger had not done.

Oi'll briefly make mention of the foine flowers snipped for me by my friend, Dinny McLaughlin, with which twice a week, Oi ornamented the prisidint's disk.

At the ind av two months, whin the office

business had grown viry prissing, Mr. Willis tossed on me table wan day, a paper bhearing on it a long column av faygures headed "pirsonal expinses," saying, "Tirince, fut that up for me." Oi was not long in having the futting, which the bookkaiper virified. Thin Oi was given some wurruk on the pay-roll, to help out the pay clerruk, as an extra foorce av min was now being implied. It was not the aisiest fayguring, as the min on moy list wurrukd by the hour, and fractions came in. Howiver, Oi must have given satisfaction, for the prisidint says to me nixt day, "Tirince, for wan of your age, ye faygure well, and the coompany niver had a better missinger for promptness and accuracy, and yir close-mouthed about the business. With thraining, ye'll wan day make a *viriy valuable confidential man*." Swate incoorage-mint lay in those wurruds! But had Mr. Willis indade read out me ambition? How far did that "confidential" extind? Oi did not know. Afther that day, Oi often had jobs av fayguring betwane me rigular duties as missinger.

But Oi did not forgit me saycret ambition. Siveral toimes in the coorse av those six months Oi thought Oi was going to realize such a partial foortaste av it as moight fall to wan av me age and coomparatively limited exparience and loife. Thray toimes Mr. Willis beshpoke me services

for as many aivenings at eight o'clock. Aich toime he had written a letter afther dinner, thin he sint me with it to a pairty living off the loine av a tilegraph and tilephone, and Oi brought back the answer. These letters, to me ghrate disappointmint, were always about the factory business, but Oi had ixtra pay for me services, and whin Oi was rested out, Oi had good hopes that something viry differint and more icciting would come from the aivening thrips.

Meantoime, Oi cultivated some personal attractions Oi thought baycoming in a hayro. In the fut ball saison Oi lit me hair grow to an unusual lingth, as did me younger brother Patsy, who played on a local scrub team. And Oi lit me locks continue to lingthen afther the pigskin was shtored away for the saison. They touched the collar of me coat, and Oi oiled and curled the inds by rolling thim over me fingers. "Now," Oi said, contimplating meself in the glass, "Oi look more loike a rhomantic hayro of past toimes." At the office, howiver, Oi was sometoimes ashamed whin the cleruks cast at me a peculiar smoyle, but Oi was that willing for me duties, and that chairful, yit niver over-free in me speech, they said nothing. At last, wan day, Mr. Willis, with no wan in our hairing, says to me koindly: "Tirince, you and Oi are really all roight. But

we can't afford to be ixcintric, at laist not in a conspicuous way. We're not geniuses," he says. "Oi admit," he continyood, "your long hair is quoitte becoming to you, but sinsible Americans, as a rule, don't wear theirs so. Oi want you should have yours cut. Oi'll not mintion that Oi asked you." Av coorse, Oi comployed.

Oi'll not deny giving meself some thraining on those low bows, shtarting from the hip, always pictured as belonging to hayroes av adventure in foreign counthries. Whin Oi lift, in a lower hall, — with none av the min to observe me — wan of those judges, sinators, or rich nabobs from out av town that Oi had been showing through the wurruks, Oi generally returned their thanks for me escort with "Ye're quoitte wilcome," and wan av those hayroes bows. "Some of 'em," Oi said to mesilf, "may see the foine airs av a rhomantic advinturer in me, and may want me services, if Mr. Willis fails me. I cud have hild a hat with a feather in it to match the bow complatly," Oi ofthen thought — "an Irish lad is that handy with a hat. But the cloak," Oi says to mesilf, "Oi niver cud understand whin the hayro bows that low with the hand over his hairt, whither he puts it there to show rispict and obeydiance, or to hold with his arrum the two soides of his cloak from falling apairt."

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At the ind av about eight moonths, me ambition recayved a sivere jar-r. Mr. Willis quietly asked me to remain afther office hours. Whin ivery wan had gone, he says: "Tirince, Oi've a saicrit mission for you." Me hairt bounded,—the long looked for advinture was coming,—and before Oi knew it, Oi had wan av me low bows well shtarted, but Oi checked mesilf, and Mr. Willis wint on, "I want you to drive across the country this aivening to Libertyville. A lady will arrive there on the nine o'clock train, and will wait for you at the hotel nair the railroad station. You're to bring her back to Lanesboro with you. She will ricognize you from information she already possisses. She is a handsome and refoined lady. Oi ixpect you to conduct yerself loike a gintleman, as ye always have in me prisince. Get from Marbury's livery that wan-hoorse carriage, with the daipest, most projecting top. Have the coortains all dhrawn. The lady will wear a veil on the roide. There's no moon shining now, but on the rayturn thrip, ye'd better have a loight scarf wrapped loosely about yor face, excipting, av coorse, the eyes. Ye'll need no disguise av ony sort dhuring yer call at the hotel, but mintion yer business only to the lady and landlord, who has his cue. Whin you arroive in front of moi house, stop and fwistle

twice on yer thoombs, as Oi heard ye the other noon in the factory coort. The rist in dhue toime will be made plain to ye. Ye'll be well paid for yer services."

"Maybe," I thought to meself, "the lady is hoigh praistess to some saycret organization. Sure, me implyer would not enter into ony wrong schaim, yet it moight well be a hoighly uncommon wan."

That noight at supper, soodinely splaining against the coirned baif and cabbage and other foine things me mother had cooked, Oi dhrew back me chair from the table. "Whatever is the matther?" me father asked.

"In trooth," I answered, "the sinse av this aivening's risponsibility sits hivvy upon me. I've to undertake for Mr. Willis some important wurruk that's new to me."

"Shure," said me father, "Mr. Willis'll not put upon ye onything that's not roight. Ye're a McManus, to face yer dooty."

With that, Oi sat for a moment in the pictured attitood of a hayro av past toimes, about to lave his family for some bold advinture, and Oi noticed little Bridget across the table, giving me a look av whonder.

"Will, good luck to yez all," Oi said, rising. "I've ixtra twoilit pripirations to make. Oi can finish me sooper elsewheres."

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Oi put on me Sunday clothes, borrowing, however, Barney's Alpine hat, with its hoigher crown more sootable for the occasion pinding. Oi ad-joosted over me overcoat a cape loitely bought, but niver worn, for fear av the byes calling it too much stoyle, not forgitting to tuck in me pocket the loight scarf. Thin, going to the livery, Oi silicted the carriage shpoken av, and the loirge, phroud, bay horse Oi had found gintle as a lamb. Whin he was hitched oop, and Oi was provided with an ixtra long whip, a foine blanket and a wolf-robe with bushy tails, Oi shtarted.

The first thray moiles was plisant. It was a familiar road, from me formerly thraveling it, mony a Saturday afthernoon, whin birdsnisting with the byes. The nixt two moiles was loikewise familiar, from me passing on it to visit me cousin, Jimmy Keenan. Often Oi thought av the handsome lady at Libertyville. Oi wundered wud she be bhlond or brunite. Will enough Oi knew she wud have long eyelashes and a wilth of hair; Oi imagined the color, from raven-black to brick-red (loike that av pritty "rid-top" Mary Murphy in the church quoire) with ivery hue and shade betwain, Oi cud remimber. Oi fancied the handsome lady coming forward with dhrooping eyelids to grait me, and heard her saying in a swait, gintle voice, "I feared some accidint had befallen you."

But the next siveril moiles Oi cud scarce at all shake off the dhread of a piece of woods ahid on me route. Twice, but in the sunloight, had Oi seen them. Now in the dairkness, me thoughts often wint to this thrue shtory. Some years ago, in the summer dusk, a gintleman, saited in a foine carriage, was dhriving his hoigh shtepers leisurely along, about a quoirter av a moile this soide av that paice av wuds, whin he saw at the roadside ahid a woman walking in the diriction he was dhriving. As he came near, she politely asked for a roide. "Certainly," said the gintleman, shtopping his hoigh-shtippers. But shpite av the dusk, his kain eyes saw a man's boots benaith the lifted shkirts av the new passinger, as he shtipped into the wagon-box. The bogus faymale sat down. Thin the gintleman shpoke braifly av the weather, and was answered in a hivvy voice. Nixt, without a turren av the head, he cast a shly, kain, soide look at the face av a will-faytured, but dispirate-looking man. "He manes to take me money or me loife in the woods ahead," the gintleman thinks to himself. Thin he pulls out the whip and touches the shtippers loightly. In a few siconds he says: "Madam, Oi've lost me whip. Wud ye koinldy go back that little way for it? Me horses are hard to manage." "Why, certainly," says "Madam,"

who, the taim being shtopped, gets out. "Mad-am" was going towards the whip, whin the gintleman sint his shtippers into a loively pace, and left the baffled writch behoind.

"Tirince, fwhat wud ye do in a loike case?" Oi asked miself, afther Oi had dwilt on the shtory some toime. "Any robbers in this section must be onto the whip-dhropping." Oi had got this far: "Oi wudn't take into me buggy a suspicious-looking character," whin I saw dimly the viry wuds just ahid.

In a moment Oi was in them. If befoor, the dairkness was that thick it cud be brooshed with a barn-broom, an ax now was naided to cut throo it. Prisintly a loight appaired, serpintining, so to shpeak, among the trays and moving toward the road forninst me. It shtopped soon at the hoighway, and turned out to be a lantern carried by a man. Yit, at that distance, Oi could not at all joodge av his age, or whither his apairance was favorable or unfavorable. Be the pose av him, he seemed to be looking towards me, guided, doubtless, be the shteping av the horse. Scrouching down in the wagon-box, in a position bringing the horse's body betwane the man's gun, if he had wan, and meself, I shouted: "Who's there?" "Johnnie Proice," came back in what seemed a lad's voice.

Oi fild better, "yit," I reflected, "young desperadoes exist, shure." Oi called again, "Fwhat are yez doing in these wuds?" "Why, Oi've been looking at me traps," the joovenile voice replied.

Then Oi got up, thinking to dhrive cautiously and kape an eye on me chap with the lanthorn, which Oi did. Pritty soon, Oi had him made oot, a tall shlip av a bye, about fourteen, Oi joodged, as Oi passed. Inwardly, Oi was a troifle ashamed, but spoke up, loike a king's officer: "Lad," Oi says, "Oi'm not the man for any *wan* hoigh-way robber to iscape me." Thin Oi conciliated him at pairting: "Ye're all roight, me bye," Oi says, but he shtood shtaring at me loike an owl. This was me only adventure in the wuds.

The rist of the way the moild loights in the farum-houses, shtanding not viry fair apairt, soomewhat chaired me shpirits. Betoimes, Oi thought again av the handsome lady.

Finally, in a laille clooster av loights, Oi ricognized Libertyville, and prisintly was intering the hotill, be the stashun. Walking proudly to the disk behaind which the big landlord shtood,— he was his own clerruk, as Oi had found on wan shtop there before,— Oi asked: "In yer house is there a lady waiting to be dhriven to Lanesboro?" "Yis," he says, "go roight across the hall to the sitting-room."

Shtipping to the corner av the office, Oi plumed meself up a bit at a looking-glass fastened abooove a row av washbowls, thin Oi advanced to the hall. It being impty, Oi rehairsed to meself, siversal reploys to ixpicted foirst remarks av the lady. Thin, with a trimbling hand, Oi opened the sitting room doore. For all the wurruld, there, at a table across the room, just loifting her eyes from a book as I intered, sat *Mrs. Willis, wife of the presidint!*

Will, Oi'll always thank Hiven for two things in that noight; wan is, that the beautiful, ghrate eyes of Mrs. Willis being near-sighted — though they did not look it at all — she did not see me foirst exprission of disappointmint there by the doore; the other is, that it was her place to shpeak foirst. Fwhoile she was saying in her nice, flooent way: "Good evening, Tirince, I'm so glad you've got here. How do ye do?" me wits rallied, and be the ind of her short remairks, Oi had me power av spaich, av which Oi'm shure Oi had been berift for some siconds.

Be her tone and exprission, Oi saw she was not in the joke, though Oi found afterwards that Mr. Willis, who knew the big landlord, had sint him wurrud not to mintion Mrs. Willis' name to me, befoor me going to the sitting-room. Be hivens! it was a complaite joke on me! The "lady" as

all Lanesboro can testify, was "handsome and refoined," and Oi'll add, wan who, niver forgetting her soshal position, had a frindly spirit towards all, as was illoostrated again by her plasant talk with me on the dhrive back to Lanesboro.

Oi considered meself eximpt, av coorse, from wearing a disgoise and from whistling twice on me thoombs. Whin Mr. Willis, hairing the croonch av the carriage wheels on the droiveway, came out, afther affectionately saluting his woife and hoilping her out, he gave me a "Much obliged, Tirince," a mischaivous look, and a bill mairked "ten," as Oi saw be the loight from the window.

The nixt day at the factory office, Mr. Willis said: "Tirince, ye'll begin to-morrow as pay-clerruk on \$1,200 a year, inshtead av yer prisint \$600 as missinger. To-day is yer birthday, ye've said. At the ind of another year, ye'll be twinty-wun. Thin, if ye've done will meantoime, as we all expict ye will, your position will be keeper av the payroll and paymasther combined (our trisurer now acts, you know, as paymasther) on a salary of \$1,800 a year."

Whin I wint to bed, the night befoor, I had not wan vistage remaining av me ambition for the carayer of a hayro of advinture. Thank hiven,

me ambition that way had niver intirfayred with me dooties. In me opinion, there's hayroism enough in attinding to our dooties, whativer they are, attinding thoroughly I mane, "dhroiving ivery spoike roight at the toime," as me father says. As fer excitement, if our wurruk in the wurd doesn't bring enough,— soldiers and sailors wud hardly be saying that — the ixtra excitement naided will fall out in the coorse av our ligitimate ricreations and diversions. And the chance fur rayle hayroic advinture is liable to come to any wan just living sinsibly, without setting up for a hayro at all, *if he's the roight shtuff*. In me humble opinion, a fellow's got some false notion av loife, who wants to tur-rn himsilf into a hybrid made up av a noineteenth cintury civilized mon and a vassal av the middle aiges.

TIRENCE QUINN McMANUS,
Lanesboro, New Yoruk.

LETTER TO DENNIS RAFFERTY

Lanesboro, Aug. 1909.

DEAR COUSIN DENNY:

Sure, till rheumatism, last winter, crippled Uncle Michael, ye were kept fairly well informed of this family's chief interests.

Tom and Barney, still residing in Colorado, are flourishing.

Regarding the seven McManuses at Lanesboro, ye'll be delighted that Mayme, the highly skilful teacher, has been promoted to be preceptress next year at the high school. Patsy, not over fond of books, was finally graduated there this summer. He has begun clerking at Grigg's store. Sure, the lad is the hot enthusiast at athletics, and at ferreting the ways of birds. Bridge, now thirteen and the child-wonder at tennis, is keen at her school tasks. Little Emmet is the sturdy kid. Sure, the two good parents are but moderately rugged. Mother, ye know, was that way these past years.

April 1st my salary was (further) advanced to \$2,000—the factory of late employs about eight hundred men. In June the seven of us moved to

the Hartwell place, much more desirable — ye'll remember — than our old home. Mayme and I were gladly helping to purchase the new one.

Now, Cousin Denny, I'm thinking of passing a few weeks in New York. Through your kindness, can I get accommodations at Mrs. Winn's fine boarding house, and so betimes have convenient your excellent company? Ye'll recall my social temperament and our warm comradeship in those former days — though I was nearly three years the younger.

Yet, before deciding about choosing me for a fellow-boarder with your high-class friends, ye've the right to know what sort I now am, besides being the respectable, sociable, and industrious lad.

The past two years — sure the scheme was quietly pursued — I was reciting three evenings weekly to Principal Dow in college studies of the Freshman and Sophomore years, preparing those lessons outside the office hours — obligingly shortened in my case to seven. I intend becoming a civil engineer. This summer, upon examination, I was admitted — in the combined engineering and classical course — to the Junior class of a prominent university — "Up State," as ye'd say.

Faith, after that examination, the factory's secretary being taken ill, I began attending — with extra pay — to his duties, besides continuing

my customary ones. After those longer hours, every night I was "dead tired," as the phrase is, and the fortnight since, sure I began losing nightly plump two hours' sleep.

Last week I told Mr. Willis that. Yet, fearing no serious harm to my health, I asked to keep the double work another week till the secretary's return, when I would resign altogether and begin a vacation trip. Mr. W. assented. Thinking, however, I would need a longer rest than I'd planned, he wrote the college president, his personal friend, who answered that, upon making up the omitted work, I could join in the recitations, etc., November 1st. Sure, that is the present plan.

Faith, I'll be an *old* college lad, yet enjoying the satisfaction of having lightened father's financial burdens, besides saving up for all college expenses and the decent professional start afterwards.

Denny, ye had my "confession." Sure, now at twenty-seven years, I'll not again attempt becoming a "hayro" of the Middle Ages style! Yet some truly romantic or light or humorous thing is often interesting me, but sure never permitted to interfere with my work. Altogether, an hour and a half daily I've practiced athletics.

Another thing I'll mention. Before ye left your native Lanesboro — eight years since — ye laughed at my thick brogue, and my commonly

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spelling as I talked. Faith, the touch of the brogue lingering with me brings no regret. Nor am I complaining that through business environment these past years, I'm no longer speaking and writing like an immigrant fresh from the Emerald Isle!

Sure, I'm thinking the foregoing suffices for this letter.

Your affectionate cousin,

TERENCE.

DENNY'S REPLY

New York, Aug.

DEAR COUSIN TERENCE:

Fine scheme, your coming to New York! Sure, we'll have elegant times. Together we'll share my large room. Not a sou shall you pay at this house. You'll be my welcome guest. And the longer the vacation, the greater the hit you'll make with

Your aff. cousin,

DENNIS RAFFERTY.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

The telegram home told of my arrival here. Now I'll be telling something of this fine establishment and the people within it.

Sure, being a country lad, I'd not great confidence of pleasing Denny's high-class city friends. And never before was I stopping in a boarding house.

Upon arriving here at 8.45 A.M., the dusky hall-boy, giving the wide grin, says, "Mr. Rafferty has done gone to business; he say you is to go to him this noontime."

Presently in the dining-room, Mrs. Winn, the elderly, dignified landlady, was greeting me cordially, adding, "You were expected." Then she was introducing me — quite proudly explaining, "Mr. Rafferty's cousin" — to those boarders still breakfasting. All were of the gentle sex and agreeably sociable with the newcomer. Sure, I soon felt at ease.

Opposite me sat Miss Prentice, a handsome, plump young lady with dark eyes and hair, rosy cheeks, two smiling dimples and the refined, uncommonly gentle manner. Next Miss Prentice sat Miss Blanche Redmond, a blond, slim girl,

pretty in a delicate style, and having the well-bred yet highly vivacious way. Alongside Miss Redmond was located her brown-eyed, brown-haired mother, very pleasant-faced, somewhat stout and appearing steadfastly comfortable.

Sure, all those ladies—barring blond Miss Redmond — by their speech highly complimented Denny; and the young lady herself blushed that sweetly at the others' praise of him, I surmised that the fair blusher and cousin D. would tie up for life. Upon that topic, more later.

Mrs. Winn was soon remarking, "Mr. McManus, your cousin's employer, Mr. Meath, and I are old friends. He reposes great confidence in Mr. Rafferty, his private secretary, as you know. Mr. Meath often makes your cousin his personal representative in weighty business matters."

Besides those three ladies mentioned and our bepraised cousin, five others are regular boarders here, a lawyer and a retired merchant, each elderly, a broker — thirty-four and chummy with Denny — a spectacled young college professor, looking about cousin's age, and, appearing still younger, a pale, slender man in the commission business.

Sure, by some of her remarks, Mrs. Winn seems believing that an aristocracy exists among boarding-house keepers, and that she is one of those aristocrats.

She selects the boarders from the high-toned wealthy, from the followers of the learned professions, and those holding high business positions. All must present references.

Each person here pays \$8 weekly for table board, rooms about in proportion. The Redmonds are paying weekly \$35 for two fine rooms, with the private bath.

Mrs. Winn sets great store by her establishment's location upon a "select" block next the avenue — sure, the city contains but one *the* avenue, the famous Fifth. Every house on the block is brown stone, and used for resident purposes only. Fully half the houses yet remain "boarded up," their regular occupants being still absent, summering. Only an occasional vehicle passes along this block. Never a kid is playing on it. Down the same street, however, one block further from the avenue, the juvenile hordes are often having their sports, yelling the while like wild Comanches.

Mrs. Winn's managerial scheme also gives the refined social part much prominence. In the long, old-style, cheerful parlor, the boarders frequently gather for friendly chatting and listening to music.

Moreover, as the furnishings here are elegant and the meals high class (game appears at dinner

twice weekly) and the service throughout is excellent, Mrs. Winn is not a fake aristocrat in the line she seems believing in.

Sure, if she were not "delivering the goods," as the saying is, I'm thinking the select circle would soon disappear from here, as ye've seen the deep snows melt away.

But I'm fearing that, in seeking to please the McManus feminine contingent, I've too long dilated on the management of this house.

That first day here, Denny, upon hearing my surmise regarding Miss Redmond and himself, admitted paying the young lady, this some time past, very special attentions. He was thinking she returned his affection. "Soon," he says, "I'll find out just where I stand."

As I've little doubt Miss Blanche's decision will be favorable to him, ye'll be interested in Denny's brief sketch of the Redmond family. Mr. Redmond, who had followed the real estate business numerous years, died ten years since, leaving to his family — Mr. Meath, informed on that matter, said — about \$170,000. Denny thinks that Mrs. Redmond — she was consulting him betimes regarding investments — has increased the sum to near the quarter million. Blanche was expensively educated.

Sure, she's the attractive, and, I'm believing, altogether likely girl.

Ye should see our prosperous cousin these days. Ye'll recall the thin, and, in truth, somewhat worn look of him that last year in Lanesboro. Then he was tending store for \$1.25, the long eleven-hour day, and in the later evening was studying stenographic hooks. But ye're knowing that in the past four years his salary went from \$2,500 to \$10,000 per annum. Lately he was getting the best tips for investing his surplus cash, and he's enjoyed quite plentiful social diversions. Sure, his large form is now becomingly plumped out. High health irradiates the blue eyes of him and his well-featured, clean-shaven face! And he appears the fine city gentleman!

With all these things, sure our prosperous cousin remains the former time mischievous wag, as ye'll soon see.

That day I arrived in this city, he says, "Terence, my boy, don't wait for my company to dinner; owing to delayed business, I'll be late."

Indeed, from a "block" on the cars, I myself came late. Going into the dining-room (located in the basement) I met a bustling, bald-headed little man hurrying out, Mr. Troop, the broker, I afterwards learned. Through no fault of mine I lightly came against his shoulder, and begged

his pardon. Sure, he made no reply, and bustled on.

A moment later, Mrs. Winn was introducing me to those boarders I had not previously met. Only Denny and the broker were now absent.

I was just after tasting the savory soup, and noticing the enhancement of Miss Prentice's beauty by her pink costume, when the dining-room door was violently flung back. Then broker Troop, halting in the doorway, with his round face pale from rage and his light eyes glaring at the landlady, half shouted: "Mrs. Winn, some blamed thief has swiped my best topcoat from the upstairs rack!"

"Are you sure, Mr. Troop," Mrs. Winn inquired in the soothing tones, "that you put the coat on the rack to-night?"

"Before dinner," he snapped, "I put it *just* there; with my detestable cold and this untimely, wretched weather," he says, "I wanted the coat for a trip uptown to visit an old friend; his train goes at 9."

"Mr. Troop," the landlady now says very sympathizingly, "I'm indeed sorry your coat is missing. But really," she adds in her precise style, "I can hardly believe an actual theft has occurred in my house; that would certainly be unprecedented. You know my stringent rules about

fastening the doors. They can be opened from the outside only by ——” Sure, the sentence was never finished.

The little broker, growing still wilder looking as that measured speech went on, had presently turned his fierce gaze upon myself; now shifting it back to the landlady, he sternly interrupts: “Mrs. Winn, never mind about the *outside!* *Inside* this house, right there” — sure the glaring eyes showed where — “sits the fellow responsible for the loss of my coat. He entered this room, the last one. He blundered up against me. Who is he?” — the fierce look returned to the landlady — “and why’s he at this select table?”

Sure, anger paralyzed my tongue. Yet soon I had partial comfort.

“Why, Mr. Troop,” Mrs. Winn retorts — pity and reproval mingling in the voice of her — “but for your excitement, you’d have borne in mind that any one sitting at my table has supplied unquestionable endorsement. The gentleman is Mr. McManus, a cousin of Mr. Rafferty, and vouched for by him. The slight accidental brushing against you I saw; except for your nervousness you’d have ignored it.”

Just then Denny, spic and span, came in and took the vacant chair beside me.

Whereupon Mrs. Winn resumes: “I cannot

think, Mr. Troop, you intended implying that Mr. McManus stole the coat, but only that he carelessly — and, of course, innocently — admitted to the house a thief.”

“Yes,” says the broker, now looking a trifle abashed, “I intended implying only that.”

“Troopey,” Denny follows, beaming good-naturedly on the little man, “your topcoat lies unharmed beneath the parlor sofa! I was the thief — for a little joke on you. You see,” coz continues to those present, “the sight of that sartorial triumph gave me an inspiration. Upon straightway consulting my watch, I says to myself, ‘Troopey, the methodical, will leave the dining-room in about twenty minutes; I can hide the coat, spruce up a bit, and get down there some minutes before he leaves. He’ll report in the dining-room his loss. I’ll keep him up in the air just a brief while, then I’ll tell him the joke!’ But my friend left here ahead of schedule time.

“I regret,” Denny adds, “particularly on coz’s account,” giving me the apologetic smile, “that I wasn’t here earlier to straighten things. But Troopey,” he ends, with the quizzical look, “you’ll call everything all right between us!”

“Oh, yes, between *us*,” the broker smilingly says, “and,” he adds, looking serious, “I tender to the others here, especially to Mr. McManus,

my amplest apology. I was a good deal upset," he ends, "before missing the coat. I'd been caught to-day on the wrong side of the market."

Of course, that apology was speedily accepted, and with the returning smile, the little man hurries away.

Sure, since that evening, I was seeing Mr. Troop always keeping to the refined way like the others at the house. Faith, he's the highly brisk sort, and, I'm thinking, of the nervous temperament.

Within the past week, I've crossed on foot the big East River bridges, visited skyscrapers, the palatial hotels and that turbulent Stock Exchange, also Central Park—quite extensively—and the Natural History Museum; twice I attended the theatre.

Sure, from newspapers and certain Lanesborians, ye've learned of these things.

Mostly I'll be writing home of things ye've heard less of. Denny was planning, for four of us, trips to some of the widely known city "sights" and special localities. Likely I'll write of those trips, as the social part will then mingle with the sight-seeing. And doubtless—for particular reasons—I'll sometimes report regarding other "sights" seen in my solitary rambles about this metropolis. Love to ye all.

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

Last evening, four of us young people together attended the Irish Fair at the Madison Square Garden. Ye've likely read of that extensive structure. Its immense chief room, with tiers of seats at the sides and ends, is let for a wide variety of shows and entertainments; those strictly theatrical, however, are given in a regular theatre within the building. Mammoth meetings, too, are sometimes held in the chief room, seats then being placed in the great floor space.

Sure, that exhibit — at the Garden — of the old country's manufactures somewhat interested me, the laces and rugs, the world-renowned Belfast linens, the exquisite china from County Fermanagh, the numerous bog-oak ornaments, etc.

Yet the pictures and relics regarding farming in Ireland more interested me. Indeed they stirred keen recollections of my boyhood. Moreover, Ireland is emphatically a farming country. And it was pleasant thinking of the improved lot of the "renters" there, with the land-law lately operating.

In one of the Garden's less spacious rooms where moving pictures portrayed various parts

of the Green Isle, many rural scenes were presented. One picture, "Getting in the Hay," showed the simple ways used, the merry, assisting youngsters gathering with their arms the hay, and often — as ye and I did — purposely throwing it on each other, instead of the cart. "Milk-ing-time, Kerry," was picturing a small herd and a miss — about twelve — mischievously directing from the cow a stream of milk upon the lad hovering about. Sure, ye often played the same trick upon your highly persistent young admirer, Mike Cayvan, hovering around!

Among the Irish relics hung a turf-spade, whose like ye'll recall — with the long handle and two metal blades for cutting the turf. Upon the likes of another article there, the uncommonly thick iron griddle, of a barrel head's size, ye'll remember mother's baking many a loaf of bread!

Of the relics not in the farming line, I'll mention Tom Moore's harp and the death-mask of Robert Emmet.

That harp — of the Irish style — looking surprisingly small compared to those harps I'd lately seen, was well suited in dimensions to the famous little man once using it! And *the plainness* of that instrument, by whose skilfully touched chords, were set to music many of Moore's sweetest melodies!

Sure, upon seeing that death-mask and speedily recalling those brilliant orators passed away, Emmet himself, O'Connell, the two Currans, O'Meagher, and those glorious others, I was attempting to account for the striking decline of oratory, these late years, both in the "old country" and in my adopted land.

"Thank heaven," I was promptly thinking, "occasions like those inspiring much of that far-famed Irish eloquences are not likely to arise again in the Emerald Isle! In the period embracing those orators' lives, came frequent times of severe storm and stress! Yet even now," I said to myself, "the decline of eloquence is less marked in the 'old country' than in this land, because Ireland is yet struggling for her further rights, for self-government, struggling in the only right way, by peaceful argument and discussion, to bring legislation compassing the desired end!"

Sure, my thoughts then turned to this country, to certain recent conditions here importantly affecting two very conspicuous fields for oratory (so history shows them), namely, the law courts, where human life or liberty is at stake, and the legislatures and various political assemblages, where those weighty issues of government are debated.

"First," I says to myself, "regarding oratory

in the American courts. Sure, the recent years have far outled any like period in the history of these states in the strenuous race for wealth, and in the organized powerful corporations for amassing it. And I'm believing in these years most of this country's lawyers best equipped for high-class forensic eloquence were devoting their services to those powerful corporations. Those men left unused their oratorical gift; in court sure they spoke only in formal ways, never warming the heart; as the saying is, they 'talked business.' In these States, how few so-styled 'criminal lawyers,' compared with the former times and a lesser population, show that high-class oratorical equipment! I'm informed that in all Greater New York there are only about three 'criminal' lawyers with the wide reputation for forensic eloquence. And formerly, through numerous years, what is now Manhattan Borough held that number of famed silver-tongued advocates!

"Regarding that other conspicuous field for eloquence. Sure, the recent prominent party issues in this country were not mostly suited to arouse the truly stirring oratory! Arguments upon the currency and the tariff had throughout too plentiful interweaving of statistics for that arousing! To comprehend fully those statistical arguments, many listeners sat like school pupils laboriously

striving to master an uncommonly hard task. At that, some of the listeners failed, I'm thinking, to master all those arguments.

"As to the other late issue, government regulation of certain great corporations. Legal investigations or law suits — sure, with forensic eloquence playing but little part — and afterwards the 'findings' or the court decisions bring about either the needed legislation or the proper enforcement of existing law."

Indeed, Mayme, last evening I was doing little as serious thinking as that just reported. The remainder of this letter will relate to those lively diversions the four of us were enjoying at that Garden.

In the room containing those moving pictures, early in the lengthy intermission, dancing began on the ample floor space reserved. Sure, we four soon joined numerous others in the waltzing. And we were not hurrying to quit that floor!

Miss Prentice, my partner most times, was the neatest dancer ye ever laid eyes on! Miss Redmond ranked a close second. Each young lady — I may confide this to you — complimented my dancing. Indeed, it was your patient teaching that by degrees put aside — mostly — my first plentiful awkwardness! Yet every child of Tom McManus, ye'll admit, inherited *uncommon suppleness!*

Anyway, I was especially gratified at making a creditable appearance on that floor. From the side seats several hundred people — looking on — were seeing many skilled dancers.

Sure, our greatest fun last evening came in that temporary enclosure where was put down a turf map of the thirty-two counties of Ireland.

Presently, after viewing this uniquely interesting map, Denny exclaimed, "Now if we could have an Irish reel upon the old sod here!"

Miss Redmond and myself immediately spoke for the reel.

Then cousin looked inquiringly at Miss Prentice, who soon, smiling sweetly, said, "I have seen the reel danced once, and will gladly try to help out the fun, but," she says, "I'll surely make mistakes."

Of course that decision by Miss Prentice highly pleased the three of us; we had been uncertain of her consent for that more rollicking dance. In faith, none of us had a truly thorough acquaintance with the young lady. In her month's stay at Mrs. Winn's, she had kept reticent concerning her personal affairs, only mentioning her studying with a noted foreign music teacher temporarily residing in this city. Her piano playing in her room, Blanche Redmond — the competent judge — upon overhearing, had pronounced "brilliant."

That study of music had mainly occupied Miss Prentice weekdays, and Sundays she was passing outside the city. At the table, however, her entertaining — yet never forward — conversation and fine manners sure had made her highly agreeable.

Denny speedily obtained from the fair's chief manager permission for that reel, and we stepped lively at it, dancing over the "Old Sod," north to south from County Donegal to County Cork, and east to west from County Wicklow to County Clare, and over every county of the Green Isle. Indeed, the mistakes happening but made the sport the keener!

Faith, I was not sorry that the fates, one time, sent Denny Rafferty, instead of any other in the quartette, sprawling face downward on that soddy map! Sure, he arose looking chagrined. But the next moment, laughing, he says, "I was paying my profound respects to the Old Sod!"

Seeing his soiled face, I says, "And to declare further ye were doing that, are ye carrying on your chin a section of County Clare?"

Denny laughed again, and his handkerchief having promptly removed the "section," we resumed that reel.

Indeed the score or more spectators within that temporary enclosure had good-natured fun over

Denny's speedily proved unserious mishap, and over our various blunders. Sometimes, when the dancing went extra well, sure they applauded.

Their chief delight, I'm not doubting, came from two highly animated and attractive pictures presented. One, pretty, fairy-like Blanche Redmond, with her blue eyes twinkling from the lively sport, and with the locks of golden hair straying about her arch, delicate face. The other picture was the plump and strikingly graceful Helen Prentice, with fun continually beaming in her dark, handsome eyes, and deepening the two bewitching dimples of her.

In that Garden's basement, the four of us were taking our first ride on a jaunting car. Ye know the cart at the farm greatly differed, and nowhere in that vicinity were the jaunting cars used.

At the start I attempted fancying ourselves "enthusiastic tourists leaving the Lake Hotel, Killarney," as we had seen in one moving picture. Yet sure the dreary walls and unexhilarating odors of that basement were much hindering the agreeable fancy!

When, after a little while, we came around into another corridor, my highly imperfect mental picture went entirely to smithereens. In that corridor, small pools of beer on the refreshment tables at the side replaced in mighty unpoetic

style the blue Killarney Lakes. And, as now the jaunting-car donkeys were, all times, walked — the drivers repeatedly shouting to the people to stand aside — our progress was disagreeably slow. Yet, in truth, we kept good humored.

Sure, the car itself furnished easy enough riding, yet that vehicle continued seeming to me strange, with the two huge wheels, and each pair of us facing to the outside. That is an excellent arrangement when interesting scenery can be viewed on either side; when none is presented, ye might much prefer viewing the faces of your companions opposite!

In this letter, the subject was often taking me from modern New York. Yet sure, present-day enterprise, supplied from this metropolis, combined with that from the old country, brought about that highly entertaining fair at the Madison Square Garden.

Love to all ye McManuses.

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

Denny's suggestion that the three of us, last evening, should have a chop suey lunch with him in Chinatown was promptly welcomed.

Miss Redmond and Cousin D. had made several trips to that quarter, yet had not included the particular restaurant where we would lunch. Sure, Miss Prentice had only once — and hurriedly — toured that Chinatown. Indeed the young lady is a permanent resident of another state, though — various times she has temporarily visited in this city. By the way, this week past, she and Blanche Redmond became truly chummy. Sure, that intimacy increases the social enjoyment of all participating in our little trips.

Well, last evening, we went chug-chugging downtown in the fine auto Denny had hired — an experienced chauffeur having charge. Upon our reaching Chinatown, that auto was dismissed, as we would return by other conveyance.

Coming within the restaurant, I was at first surprised that those waiters — all Orientals, wore American clothes. Yet that style of dress for serving refreshments is truly more suitable

than the Chinese costume with those wide-flowing sleeves.

Sure, with two exceptions, that restaurant's fittings and furnishings presented a strikingly Chinese appearance.

Soon after the four of us were seated at a table, Miss Prentice, smiling humorously, says: "Certainly, that American-looking water cooler and the baby grand piano introduce two discordant notes here."

"Yes," Blanche Redmond follows with the mischievous twinkle, "and when the piano is played, *more* discordant notes may be introduced."

That was not proved — either way — as the instrument stayed silent within our hearing.

That restaurant, being the finest fitted-up one — though not the largest — in Chinatown, I'll write of some things there that most impressed me.

Highly conspicuous in that moderate-sized eating-room was the large, glittering, uncommonly massive central chandelier; sure, by its general shape it quickly suggested an Eastern temple. Yet its piled up, elaborate metal work had numerous strange recesses and passages, containing here and there a small Chinese figure. Ye're thinking a special meaning lurks in those intricate passages with their odd contents. Yet I'm believing that most Occidentals, upon eyeing

those things long hours, would remain mystified.

Another prominent sight in that eating-room was the array of imaged human figures — each about two feet high — posed upon a shelf extending along one wall. Of those figures — all in the showy Oriental costumes — some faced directly forward, others were slightly turned; some seemed separated by small partitions into groups.

I ventured expressing the surmise that the intention was to represent historical personages, and also, by those groupings, important historical events in the Celestial Empire.

The young ladies agreed with that surmise.

“And what is *your* opinion?” I asked Denny, highly attentive to his chop suey.

“My dear boy,” he retorted, with the comical quizzical look he’s often having, “please don’t ask me about dead Chinks; when I’ve tallied off a few easy points about *live* ones, they’re then to me a conundrum that I immediately pass up.”

Sure, those restaurant tables deserve mention. Their tops, of a fine, dark, unpolished wood, were bordered by the jet-black, highly polished teakwood, profusely inlaid with shining pearl in various pleasing designs.

For seats, were provided hexagonal stools, likewise of rich dark wood.

Sure, opening broadly from that chief room, was a smaller one. There, keeping in view the lunchers and diners, those celestial attendants solemnly huddled, when not actually serving the restaurant's patrons.

Within that connecting room in the basin of a tasteful little fountain, stood two imaged animals, very fantastically composed. Each, of a pug dog's size, resembled in the body a rhinoceros, in the head, a cow! Fresh, natural flowers adorned the backs of those fanciful hybrids, altogether meaningless to us.

As ye'd expect, the image of the dragon was conspicuously displayed. Ye're well knowing, Mayme, what resources and power that dragon represents to the Chinese mind. But did ye ever read — sure I came upon this, last winter, in a so-called "authority" on the Celestial Empire — that no Chinaman has ever claimed to see that wondrous dragon entire? If the head was seen, the tail was invisible, and *vice versa*!

Now, the lunch itself. Sure, though we each ordered a different style of chop suey, according to that bill of fare, those styles were not largely unlike in appearance. Regarding the chop suey ingredients, after we had finished eating, three of us could name as ingredients only bits of chicken, of celery, and the small mushrooms.

Upon my asking Denny what were the other ingredients, he replied, "My boy, if I knew, my fancy for the dish might vanish!"

I'm thinking his "fancy" is an acquired taste!

Blanche Redmond cautiously declared, "I like it quite well." Miss Prentice, laughing, frankly stated, "I like it just a little."

Indeed I had *no* liking for the compound. Of course, if starvation threatened, rather than perish, I'd eat the chop suey.

That served tea, prepared at the table in the strict Chinese style, the young ladies, most competent judges, highly lauded. Sure, it seemed to me the finest I'd ever drank. Yet ye're knowing I've been but the occasional tea-taster.

The lunch ended, Denny lit a cigar and, after dreamily contemplating those costumed figures, as he smoked, said with the strong emphasis, "Well, I'm taking a heap more stock in the Here, meaning little old New York, than I'm taking in the There, meaning those distant countries!"

Then he puffed on in silence, sure meditating, I surmised, one of his panegyrics on this unrivalled Metropolis!

He had puffed scarcely a minute when one of those messenger boys, having the experienced traveler's air, confronted our party, and announced, "A letter for Mr. Rafferty."

Denny, appearing surprised, took the letter, hurriedly read it, then dismissed the boy.

Immediately thereupon, Blanche Redmond anxiously asked, "What is it, Denny?"

"I have to leave town," he answered gloomily, "on an important matter, with Mr. Meath; listen, and please consider the business details mentioned as strictly confidential."

Sure, Denny then read this aloud:

"The Belmont, 10.20 P.M.

"MY DEAR R.:

"Very sorry to break in on your little pleasure trip that I learned of at Mrs. Winn's.

"Regarding that \$500,000 Baltimore building project, this evening my old friend C. wires he'll accept my last terms if I'll meet him at his house, to draw contract to-morrow morning at 9. He's laid up with a very lame foot.

"I'll gladly go on with this fine project — though outside my usual field of operations — New York; in this case will largely sublet work to Baltimore contractor; have man now in mind.

"Please be at Penn. R. R. Station, J. C., at about 11.30, allowing time before 12.10 train for engaging sleeper berths and for your taking down some chief points of long contract. To-morrow we'll type out that in full and probably also con-

tract for subletting. Luckily I met S. near this hotel.

"Yours truly,

"Per Sanger.

M."

Sure, Sanger is Mr. Meath's assistant secretary.

Upon hearing this note, Blanche Redmond at once pleaded:

"But, Denny, you'll have time to go home with us, first?" the blue eyes pleading with the voice.

"No," cousin despondently yet firmly says, after consulting his watch, "it's now ten minutes to 11. Going uptown, and then to Jersey City would likely bring me too late for that shorthand work, and about going across from here," he says, "I must allow for missing close connections."

Sure, a trifle later we all left that restaurant.

Outside cousin advised that the three of us should take a middle-of-the-road walk through certain streets of Chinatown.

Then bidding us each "good night," holding Blanche Redmond's hand some extra seconds, he started off.

Indeed Denny was privileged regarding that hand, as Blanche and he had that day become engaged. This was confided only to Mrs. Redmond and myself. And no engagement ring yet appeared to divulge the secret. I'm thinking,

however, that Miss Prentice, observing that protracted, affectionate "good night," strongly suspected the happy secret. For her smile to me seemed the fully appreciative, *knowing* sort.

Coming soon into a principal street of that quarter, we saw various Chinese stores and shops, still lighted. The building presenting the most un-American appearance stood several stories high, each story having a ginger-bready ornamented balcony gaily illuminated by Chinese lanterns.

Presently we diverged to the narrow sidewalk for a nearer view of those shop windows. Some were displaying strange foreign edibles, cooked and uncooked; others held Oriental toys and curios. In that locality, queued, blouse-wearing Chinamen suddenly and silently appeared from the basements, then flitting with noiseless feet a short distance, they disappeared down the dark steps leading underground.

Sure, soon the two young ladies confided to me that, with no policeman then in sight, that sudden, almost ghost-like appearing and disappearing gave them a creepy feeling. So we hurried back to the middle of that street.

There Miss Prentice said, "Within the past year, the police, while tracking a criminal, discovered that a building down here contained vari-

ous secret apartments and passages, all most cunningly contrived to protect law-breakers. I was much disinclined," she says, "to be rushed underground and held a wretched prisoner in one of those places."

"A cruel fate, that," I says; "but we've read of abduction and harsh imprisonments elsewhere in this city, with no Chinamen concerned. Sure, every nation has yet some criminals."

"Oh, yes," she says, "but don't you think there are *more* proportionately, among the Chinese than in any other so-called civilized nation?"

Faith, I'd not contemplated starting so wide an argument. "In truth," I answered, "I'm not yet clear on that point. I was doing considerable careful reading regarding the Chinese Empire in a prominent book seeming impartially written. Had I finished reading it, I'd probably have formed a conclusion on that question you've now raised. But sure completing the study of that book would have encroached on my regular study course."

"And," Miss Prentice asks, with the good-natured smile, "were you rather fond of John Chinaman so far as you made his acquaintance?"

"Well," I says, "you know those several hundred millions of Johns represent a very old, though to us Westerners, a very peculiar civilization. Two facts about that nation much im-

pressed me. It has a wide-spread system of education extending to the high university grades; the government is at great pains fostering it. Sure, are not all civilized nations proclaiming that education diffused through a country vastly lessens there the aggregate of crime?

"The other fact is the widely pervasive, persistent industry — combined with frugality — of that distant people. Ye're knowing the old adage that the devil — saving your presence — finds work for idle hands."

I soon added, striving at completing a fair, all-round argument, "I've concluded, from reading the newspapers, that Chinese law-breakers in this country are uncommonly *wily and deep*."

"Well, I should say so," exclaimed Blanche Redmond, giving her pretty blond head and white-plumed hat the saucy toss; "why, within my not very far-reaching recollection, there have been three or four murders down here — one in the crowded Doyers Street Theater — and every time the murderer evaded the police! They think now they've caught the Chinaman who killed that white girl uptown; but," Blanche says to me, "if one of those Chinks — as Denny calls them — really gets to the electric chair, I'll present you a diamond scarf pin!"

Sure, that fair speaker then smiled good natur-

edly, and the others laughed, despite that serious subject.

A moment later Miss Prentice says very amiably, "Let me close the argument in this way; you, Blanche, know more than Mr. McManus knows about the Celestials in New York, and he knows more than you do about those in China."

"I'm willing to leave it at that," Blanche quickly agreed.

"Sure, I'm willing," I says, "you two being in the majority. But I'm fearing ye've over-credited me."

Faith, I still had the reserved doubt whether those "Chinatown" Celestials averaged up in the moral line to their countrymen still at home. Yet expressing that doubt then to those ladies seemed an unnecessary and ungallant proceeding.

Now, in that street we had entered while still arguing, the Chinese features kept diminishing, and presently — at only 11.10 — we arrived at the Chatham Square "L" Station.

Sure, after the agreeable ride uptown, and hearty "good nights" at Mrs. Winn's, I promptly started alone downtown, heading first for the subway.

Having made the lucky connections, I entered that railroad station in Jersey City a brief time past midnight. Immediately I saw Denny Raf-

ferty standing, with the tired watchman's air, eyeing that entrance door. Then his surprised look at seeing me!

Walking directly to him, I says, "Denny, this time the joke is on yourself! I made up that note. Who," I says, "one evening, swiped Troop's topcoat? Sure, your joke — though ye'd not intended that effect — gave me at least several highly uncomfortable minutes! Poor Troop, one way and another, had more of those uncomfortable minutes!"

"My boy," Denny says, with the ringing laugh, "ye're even with me!"

Indeed, before that evening I'd heard plentiful talk of that Baltimore contract, and had various times observed Mr. Meath's way of speech. Yet, faith, preparing that note was far less easy than arranging for the type-writing and delivery of it!

Love to ye all.

TERENCE.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

Before beginning the chief part of this letter, I'll write of a brief occurrence that indeed somewhat depressed me.

After lunch to-day, provided with the capacious notebook, I left the room, intending to gather certain "city information."

Sure, at the top of the stairs, I saw near the front door Miss Prentice, and a slender, fine-appearing gentleman — looking about thirty-five — kissing each other good by. Miss Prentice stood turned towards the door, and the gentleman facing her was too much engrossed with that leave-taking to notice me — with no considerable noise in that direction drawing his attention.

In truth, to save the young lady probable embarrassment from thinking I had witnessed that affectionate good by, I speedily and quietly retreated to the room. On the way sure I heard the downstairs front door close, and, about a minute later, the shutting of the outer door of Miss Prentice's suite. Then I went down to the street, feeling confident that the young lady knew nothing of my witnessing that affectionate parting.

Mayme, I'm thinking Miss Prentice is now en-

gaged; likely the pledge was made to-day. She is not yet wearing the engagement ring; but neither is Blanche Redmond wearing the like token. Sure, Miss Prentice — replying to a question yesterday — said she had no brother. And that fine-appearing gentleman at the door seemed to me lacking the air of an uncle or cousin. Moreover, I'm not believing the young lady would be kissing any man besides her relative or fiancé. So there seems the strong probability of Miss Prentice's engagement.

"Well," ye're mentally saying, "granting it's a certainty, why should it cause ye depression?"

Sure, I'll attempt explaining *why*.

Our quartette's little trips — and more are planned — were bringing me the finest social diversion — outside our home — I was ever enjoying. And Miss Prentice the most largely contributed to that enjoyment.

Denny was indeed decidedly entertaining and agreeable.

So was Blanche Redmond, most times. Faith, over one topic she and I have had several small tiffs, that, like those summer showers succeeded by an entire blue sky, left our friendship cloudless again. Sure, Blanche urges that being "a thorough New Yorker" is of itself a lofty honor, and Denny, she maintains, is a thorough New Yorker.

Yesterday I led off, saying: "A prominent citizen here declares in to-day's newspaper, that those who have lived in this city fifteen years are then thorough New Yorkers. Denny has lived here but eight years."

"Yes, but he learned the city *twice as fast* as those others learned it," Blanche retorted. Sure, she has the ready wit.

Now, about Miss Prentice as the companion. Her fine manners never desert her. And in the modest, unobtrusive way, she expresses numerous bright, original ideas and highly interesting information on the wide range of subjects. Sure, doesn't the college professor at the house enjoy conversing with her on sociology and other large topics? I learn much from her talk. She has the quiet humor. She was generally approving those ideas I expressed on the topics brought up. Of course, the endorsement was pleasing me.

Sure, that depression came from reflecting this way: "Miss Prentice will have, on the quartette's future trips, various lonely moments, wishing her fiancé was there. With him for her standard, oftener than before, she'll question the country lad's ideas; indeed she'll quite commonly question them when they're differing from those of her fiancé. So the country lad will have less smooth social sailing with the young lady."

Faith, after lighting a cigar a moment since, these more cheerful thoughts came to me: "Miss Prentice will marry *for love* a likely and highly educated man. Thereby her happiness will be promoted. To that consideration I should give the emphasis, and if she sometimes sets aside my ideas for those of that other man, he's more likely than I, most times, to have the right of it."

Now, to a very different topic that I'm hoping may bring ye some amusement.

Through Denny's influence, I was making the acquaintance of Billy Arkwright, a reporter upon a leading metropolitan newspaper. Sure, Billy — of near my own age — is the widely informed, companionable lad, with the nimble wit and warm heart. Two evenings lately we together visited the theater.

It was arranged that last evening — after dinner we would go downtown, and he would show me the details of "making-up" that big paper upon which he, daytimes, is employed. Returning to his boarding house, we would together pass the night and take breakfast.

Indeed that arrangement was carried out, and plentiful valuable information was recorded in my notebook.

I'll now be telling of certain matters occurring early last evening at Billy's boarding place.

The maid admitting me there, after announcing, "Mr. Arkwright is still at dinner," gave me a seat in the hall.

Faith, ye'd better at once have a partial description of that house. Formerly a fine, private double mansion, it has three stories and a basement — the last being mostly above ground. Centrally in the parlor floor hall, a winding staircase ascends. As the stair flights above came directly over this, one looking up from that lower hall to the top of the house is reminded of a well.

In truth, upon previous calls at that house, I was highly amused, noticing the big, imaged dog stationed beside that lower stairway. Sure, that *papier mache* canine stood the size of the largest St. Bernard! And he was a good imitation, barring the stiff bracing of his four legs! Anybody, with seeing eyes, coming into that hall, would no more fail of noticing the big paper dog than (by my reading) a sight-seer in Venice would fail of observing the winged lions of St. Mark's!

Indeed last evening I had waited but briefly, when tall, sedate Mr. Bascom — forty or more years of age — dignifiedly descended that winding staircase. At the same time from that well-like space steadily came down a thick rope till several feet of it lay upon the hallway floor.

Upon leaving the stairway, sure Mr. Bascom

bowing and speaking very courteously, says, "Good evening — ah, yes, I recall — Mr. McManus; our mutual friend, Mr. Arkwright, introduced us."

Following my reply, Mr. Bascom remarks, with his small dark eyes twinkling, "A little fun on the tapis; say nothing," then glancing meaningly at the dog.

Very soon, having the rope well tied around the big canine, the man calls — not over-loudly up that "well," "Now, Barnesy, haul him up about a dozen feet, then make fast the cable."

Sure, the big paper dog promptly went rising, and Mr. Bascom dignifiedly ascended the stairs.

When he had disappeared, I stepped over, and looking up past the bulky quadruped dangling near that first ceiling, I saw in the good light surrounding him that "Barnesy" was a younglad, and, faith, as red-headed as that Rufus famed in history.

I was just seated again when Billy — with two comely young ladies following — came up into that hall. "Hello, Terence," he quickly says; and then immediately, "look at the dog!"

Sure, the next moment he introduced me to those young ladies, and adds, roguishly eyeing the dangling canine, "Think of an aerial flight for old Cerberus, for years past never moved an inch but on sweeping days!"

"Yes," one of those fair ones gurgled, "isn't it the funniest ——"

"S-sh," Billy, softly interrupting, warned.

Faith, he — and I likewise — had just noticed the velvety-footstepped, keen-visaged landlady standing as one transfixed near the basement stairs, her large, black eye sending now a glance of pity at the raised dog, and now the angry, questioning look, at the lingering young people.

Presently, as the suspended canine started swaying, the landlady rushed forward, gazed briefly up that "well," and shouted, "So, Mr. Barnes, it's *you*. Well, I'll have you arrested for this — in quick time, too."

Then, after the excited glance at the lingering group, she darted from the house.

Faith, we four were promptly by that staircase, with Billy comically calling up, "Barnesy, are you afraid of the cop?"

"Nope," came down the smooth-toned answer. "I'll soon," he adds, "be in my unlocked room for a quiet smoke."

Then the dog arose to the third floor vicinity, and Barnesy, upon securing the rope to the ban-nister, vanished from our view.

Sure, thereupon we agreed, with the station house nearby and the cop soon to show up, we'd all see the fun out.

Presently a pink-cheeked, pleasant-faced young officer appeared with the landlady. Sure, he stood lightly swinging his stick, as she promptly and fiercely demanded, "Where's young Barnes? Has he fled the house?"

"He said," Billy most respectfully replied, "he would be in his room for a quiet smoke."

"Where's the dog gone to?" the landlady, still fierce spoken, then asks.

"Only gone higher, Mrs. Creston," Billy in the gentle voice says; "if you'll step over by the stairs, you can see it."

The landlady, having proved that true, sharply calls, "Officer, come here and look."

Sure, he goes over and after the deliberate gaze at the highly elevated dog, gives a light smile. He soon suppresses it, however, and says, in the mild tone, "Mrs. Creston, I don't see as I can do anything here."

"What! Won't you make any arrest?" she hurls back.

"Really," the officer answers, in the mild tone again, "I can't see me way to; y'd better," he says, "aise the matter off, just make light av it." With that he slowly turns and passes out.

"That'll be about all," Billy undertones to me; "come up to the room for a few minutes," and, upon bowing to those young ladies, we started.

On the way Billy remarks, *sotto voce*, "The prime mover, the main push in this dog-raising I'll guarantee was my friend, middle-aged, sedate Mr. Bascom, domiciled opposite me, you remember, third floor front."

Sure, at that floor, Mr. Bascom and Barnesy, on hearing Billy's voice, stepped into the hall. Faith, to my companion's prompt report of the cop's visit they listened amusedly, one with the sly twinkle betimes, the other with the frequent chuckles. Then they entered their rooms.

Inside his own room Billy — while making some toilet changes — talked admiringly of Mr. Bascom. That gentleman, he sa'd, was habitually dignified in manner and speech, the speech often containing the dry wit. The gentleman's humorous pranks had hitherto been visited only on the male contingent monopolizing the rooms above the parlor floor. From all the others, servants included. Mr. Bascom wished it concealed that he originated the pranks. "And we men boarders," Billy says, "have loyally stood by that wish. Mr. Bascom," he ends, "is mighty generous to us; just on our word, he'll advance the loan that any of the bunch asks for when hard up."

Upon presently emerging into the hall, sure we saw halting there old Dick, the darkey cook, with one arm clasping the big paper dog, and that

thick rope lying coiled about the opposite shoulder.

"Hello, Dick," Billy breezily says, after locking the door.

"Howde, Mistah Billy," the darkey affectionately replies, sure adding with the joyous grin; "The missus is done pacificated now. She allows it were just a joke."

"Mrs. Creston," Billy follows, "taken by and large, is a good woman, Dick; she's got a streak of temper that once in a while comes in sight. The dog — Cerberus I call him — is to her almost like a live pet."

"Them wuhds am all mighty true, Mistah Billy," old Dick says, sure displaying again the faultless ivories.

Then Billy slipped a quarter into the darkey's free hand, and the four of us — counting Cerberus — went downstairs.

Heartiest love to ye all.

TERENCE.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

The other day, Miss Prentice brought word that her friend, Miss Maybelle Bayne, would give a small, select party, where the guests would attempt contributing some special entertaining, and I would be welcome there if I would recite a poem — it might be short. The kind heart of Miss Prentice, I well knew, prompted that invitation.

Last evening, then, in the new dress suit, I was proudly escorting the young lady to the towering and elegant apartment hotel where Mrs. Winchester Bayne and her daughter are residing. By the way, that fine structure was built by Mr. Meath, whose specialty, late years, is the construction of those extensive apartment hotels.

Barring myself, it was indeed the select party gathered. Those other seven guests and the captivating hostess seemed to "the manner born." Of course all present wore the evening dress.

Sure, Mayme, at this party — and various times down here — I was noticing a curious thing. I wonder can ye explain it? After my introduction to young people, if it was added, "Mr. McManus is a college Junior," rarely a lad but a

college student seemed to rate me any higher on *that account*. But very generally with the young ladies hearing that statement, I seemed suddenly raised in importance, faith, with some of them raised almost to the *N*th power!

Regarding those present at the Bayne party, I'll refer particularly only to the hostess herself, Miss Prentice, and the two men guests most interesting me.

Miss Bayne, like Miss Prentice, graduated from the Bryn Mawr College last June, is the strikingly pretty blonde, quite tall, slim, and having the bright hazel eyes, and very plentiful, soft, curling hair. Sure, a rich-looking blue costume well became her. Faith, with the sprightly and all times lady like way, she combined the hostess' proper tact.

Miss Prentice, attired in the corn-colored satin costume — well, I'll say that, to my thinking, in good looks, style, attractive manners, and conversation, she equalled any lady there.

In the early evening, upon chatting with those men guests, I was most impressed by the middle-aged professional reader and a younger man — likely about thirty — bearing the compound surname, Burr-Jones. Betimes, however, when he seemed thinking he had “made the world,” as the saying is, his conversation was not just pleasing me.

I'll not attempt describing all those recitations, etc. Mainly — ye've heard the like at Lanesboro, for ye attend nearly every social gathering there, and ye've had charge of the elocution and compositions at the high school.

I'll mention Mr. Burr-Jones's reading an original essay on Browning. Sure, it seemed to me well written and giving that poet his full due.

I'll also note the professional reader's performance. With his facial expression changed to that of a keen Irishman, he was reciting Mr. Dooley's witty remarks upon some patrons of the fashionable specialty doctors. Small wonder it was the best humorous recitation I'd ever heard. That professional reader ranks one of the foremost in this country!

My humble amateur attempt came next. The short, funny poem I'd had in mind was not given. Sure, I'd not invite damaging comparison with that professional! So there was recited Tom Moore's tender and exquisite little poem, beginning,

"She is far from the land where her young lover sleeps."

Soon after my stunt — that came last — Mr. Burr-Jones says to me, in a voice all present could hear, "That was a little gem that you re-

cited, written by Tom Moore, you said. I once essayed reading his songs, but very soon desisted; he seemed *lacking distinction*."

Faith, at that I was roiled, and also before that company deeply embarrassed, for I felt that I must reply.

"Well," I soon says, having myself then under the fair control, "Tom Moore wrote many songs; some were impetuously dashed off on a topic then appealing to him. Ye'd not expect that all his songs would command a world-wide admiration. Yet most of them, thousands of people will testify, possess an unspeakable melody. And a number of his poems the English-speaking world calls *gems*. That, I'm thinking, implies 'distinction'; and with that same world, numerous passages from Tom Moore's poems have become familiar quotations! That, I'm believing, also implies some 'distinction' in the Irish bard! Have as many passages from Browning's poems become familiar quotations?"

Sure, without answering that, Mr. Burr-Jones says, calmly enough, "The little poem, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' I'm aware is extensively sung among English-speaking peoples; but besides certain lines in that song, can you cite," he says, "even a few other oft-quoted passages from Moore's productions?"

I was then saying, off-hand, six or seven familiar quotations:

“But there’s nothing half so sweet in life
As Love’s young dream.”

“The light that lies
In woman’s eyes.”

“The trail of the serpent
Is over them all,” etc.

Sure, I felt bound to add, “Besides his simple lyrics, Tom Moore wrote that long, ambitious poem, ‘Lalla Rookh,’ abounding in the Oriental imagery. Many critics have commended it, as they have likewise this poet’s metrical translation of Anacreon’s odes.”

Then Mr. Burr-Jones says, “I’ll confess my surprise that the lines you’ve quoted were from Tom Moore. I’ll give him,” he amiably says, “careful reading.”

All the others — I may report to you — gave me approving smiles. So my striving for justice upon that important topic was not passing unrewarded.

I’ll not report in detail upon those fine refreshments served in that beautiful dining-room.

Faith, taken altogether, it was a pleasant and profitable evening for your affectionate brother.

Heartiest love to ye all.

TERENCE.

P. S. I'm now thinking that Miss Prentice is not engaged. The morning following that little incident in the hall, it came out in conversation at breakfast that the fine-appearing gentleman I had seen at the front door was Miss Prentice's brother-in-law! Having some leisure after finishing the business that was drawing him to town, sure he made the friendly call upon his wife's sister.

New York, Sept.

DEAR MAYME:

Sure, the pretty head of Blanche Redmond holds plentiful mischief.

She was to choose the engagement ring. After various shopping trips, her choice, this week, was narrowed to one of three styles, and she told Denny that to-day would come the decisive selection.

The young lady's delay regarding the ring, I'm surmising, was largely to prolong a bit her mischievous fun directed at Mr. David Ferguson, the pale young commission man here. Faith, every one in the house but "Davie" has confidently predicted, these weeks past, that Blanche and Denny would soon become engaged. (Only that pair, Mrs. Redmond, and myself are yet knowing that the engagement has occurred.)

"Davie" twice lately presented Miss Redmond with flower bouquets, and once, without success,—she pleading a previous invitation,—he invited her to the theater. Sure, the lad still seemed cherishing some hope of capturing the lively Blanche.

Indeed she was not exhibiting any special deep regard for him. Twice receiving those flowers did not demonstrate that regard! She was having

towards him her customary highly vivacious manner towards her acquaintances. Besides, she was sometimes giving him the "jollyng" talk, that but for the mist-making conceit in him, sure he would have seen, as the others saw, was the "jollyng" talk.

Indeed "Davie" — unconsciously — was much amusing me, and evidently also the others at the table, by his two favorite lines of talk.

Faith, his oft-occurring, decently brief brags, told in the soft drawl, about the commission house's business and his fine family, every boarder but one heard in silence, and commonly with the furtive, pleased smile. Only Blanche Redmond sometimes, for a little while, lured the bragger on!

And over Davie's funny *display* attentions bestowed on his surprisingly frequent and never severe injuries, Blanche alone doled out any considerable sympathy; the others had early concluded it would be misplaced. In truth, about those paltry injuries, Davie appeared the grown-up baby!

An instance will show ye.

One evening lately Davie was entering the dining room, with the holy martyr expression on his long, ministerial face, and with his right arm suspended in a big, white sling. The boarders, remembering his previous vastly exaggerated in-

juries, were not — generally — hurrying to inquire about this accident. They believed it was trifling.

Blanche Redmond, however, soon anxiously asks, "Why, Mr. Ferguson, what happened to your arm?"

"Coming uptown," he softly says, "I was pushed against an 'L' car."

"I hope," Blanche then concernedly remarks, "that no bone was broken or dislocated?"

"No," Davie fluently replies, "it's only a quite extensive contusion; a sling, you see, gives the bruised parts rest."

Sure, through the open door of his room, that evening, I chanced to see the lad, *lacking the sling*, moving a heavy trunk, with his two arms seeming as free as an expressman's!

Faith, I've dilated on Davie because, Denny being unexpectedly detained, the commission lad, with the quartet's hearty approval, went in our excursion party yesterday to Coney Island, and after knowing those peculiarities of Davie ye'd better appreciate certain happenings there.

Sure, Blanche Redmond expressed timidity — unless Denny accompanied us — about our motoring to the Island, as he had proposed. Then a trip by rail was decided on, and, after furnishing me an overgenerous (I was thinking) money

supply for the trip, cousin says: "That, with Davie's contributions, will give you all a good time, including a nice lunch and doing a lot of stunts down there — all I'm thinking the party will care for — and there'll be left carfare home, maybe a trifle more. Now," the waggish Denny says, "about managing Davie, who's accepted the invitation. He understands he's to be Blanche's special escort, an idea that's a big hit with him. Blanche has her tip. Being the wisest one of you on the Island's attractions, naturally she'll oftenest suggest the stunts. Davie is commonly the tight wad. But, for reasons, he'll pleasantly loosen up as much to-day as you do! He can afford it, I'm reliably informed. You're to pay half the whole shot. You two — as you go along — can keep the cashing-up about even. That's preferable to settling with Davie after the trip, when he may be feeling rather lukewarm," Denny ends, with that comical, quizzical look!

Near noon we started. The day — sure, temperature included — was truly summery. And the young ladies' all-white yet differing costumes, with the matching parasols and extensive flower-decked hats, well harmonized with the summery day.

There's little worth telling of the car ride beginning, after the ride downtown, at the big

bridge. The earlier part through Brooklyn city afforded but few particularly interesting views. Through the fine suburbs and that further-lying farming section thickly dotted with buildings and sometimes with small "bergs," the fleeting views supplied more interest.

Blanche Redmond, located with her admiring escort two seats ahead of me, sure throughout the trip varied plentiful gazing from the window with occasional animated chatting with her seat mate. Those times, his side face expressed such keen delight, I'm thinking the ride brought Davie a fair average of happiness.

Indeed, I deeply enjoyed the society of the young lady beside me.

After alighting at Coney Island, we four were presently seated in an extra large, neatly appointed restaurant, open at all sides. Sure, the invigorating smell of the ocean — near, yet hidden from our sight — the bright day, those groups of merry lunchers, and that delicious seafood repast combined to stimulate in the three of us the lively talk! Faith, old Horace's line, "*Desipere in loco*," etc., soon came to me there. Maybe, in the strict Horatian sense, that "desipere" did not apply to the two "on the water-wagon," as the modern phrase is. Yet we appreciated how admirable was the

place, the *locus*, for enjoying the gastronomic pleasures!

For some time, however, Davie, despite sipping (sure not the choice Falernian), but the high-grade claret — as did Blanche Redmond — appeared entirely unappreciative of that place. Though sometimes smiling at the young ladies' quips, mainly he seemed weighed down by his thoughts. At length, in a lull of the other's talk, that mental incubus was unloaded. In the smooth drawl, he says, "At the commission-house this morning we finished reviewing the past year's record. It shows," he says, "an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent. in our business. At the same gratifying rate, by January 1, we will rank second in our line in Greater New York!"

Sure, Davie's oily boasting was commonly amusing me. But I could have ducked the lad — clothes and all — in the nearby ocean for bringing to that seaside lunch his bragging statistics! Mischievous Blanche Redmond, however, prompt with the "jolly," softly says, "And it's a comparatively young firm, too, isn't it?"

"That's correct," Davie replies, with the satisfied smile.

And thereafter at that lunch he continued agreeably sociable.

Ye've learned something regarding Coney Is-

land. Maybe this letter will give you a clearer notion of that popular summer resort.

We were not visiting Manhattan or Brighton Beach, truly parts of Coney Island. Each, though having fine attractions, lacks the wide variety of popular amusements found in the West Brighton section that we visited. Indeed, Manhattan Beach excludes altogether the cheap shows. Sure, that West Brighton section is a small amusement village, with Surf Avenue the principal street.

Now, regarding the so-called attractions outside Dreamland, the Luna and Steeple-Chase Parks.

Of the larger amusement schemes, the big Ferris Wheel, etc., we cared to try only that immense, reverberating roller-coaster; ye saw the like — yet lesser-sized — on your late “inland” trip.

Of the highly numerous smaller schemes and devices, sure we tried many, varying from catch-penny to catch-dime and, twice, to catch-quarter affairs! I’ll not specify concerning them, only to say that Miss Prentice far outled the others at hitting with a ball the nigger-baby effigies, and at shooting to break the clay pipes.

With appetites appeased, we passed, without patronizing any, the plentiful restaurants — some with open fronts — and the still more plen-

tiful eating stands, often displaying the German frankfurters.

"Steeple Chase Park" has a vast enclosed building very abundantly supplied with light. That place offers only the uniquely comical stunts. We did them all. Maybe, from two instances ye'll infer the style of them.

Within that building, near the entrance, a man made up as Mephistopheles, the red devil, stood beside a huge tube, bent towards the upper, flaring end. Sure I'd taken a few steps when that tube being suddenly turned, the flaring end faced me and instantly the stiff breeze coming took off my hat and sent it skitting along the floor. Faith, I recovered it, but hadn't I secured the odd initiation to that place?

And note this stunt. After ascending a stair flight, we in turn slid down the smooth inside of an immense pipe — shaped much like a "briar wood" — and emerged hurriedly on a soft mat. Imagine the long-legged, ministerial-faced Davie emerging from that pipe!

At "Dreamland" ten cents admits one to a rectangular court surrounded by different amusement structures. Sure, those buildings are white, neat, and pleasing to the eye; several indeed have a somewhat ambitious architectural design, es-

pecially the high tower that is brilliantly illuminated at night.

In truth, the big "chute" — ye saw one on your recent trip — furnished our most exhilarating stunt at "Dreamland."

Of the various amusements there in places charging admission, a ride on the "Venice Canals" and another through "Switzerland" best pleased me.

Admitted for the dime each to Luna Park (across the street) we again looked from a court on pleasing structures that housed special shows. And, as in "Dreamland" some of the buildings — including another lofty tower — were of quite ambitious design. And, besides another cascading "chute," ye saw a foaming waterfall.

Among our stunts in that park were the riding — with the devil of a racket — through the "Dragon's Gorge," a gratefully cool trip through "The Old Mill," a jaunt on the docile old elephant, and last a visit to the Japanese Tea House. There we intended refreshing ourselves with tea before going to the beach.

Sure, since that meditative spell at lunch, Davie had continued sociable. Of course, he was highly attentive to his fair charge. Ye'd never see a finer hand at helping a young lady in and out of a gondola or any Coney Island vehicle. And, as

Denny predicted, the lad was cheerfully footing his share of the expense.

Soon after our tea-drinking Davie still sat near Blanche Redmond, while Miss Prentice and I, across the room, were viewing certain appointments. I'm not believing that my companion, intent on that viewing, overheard as I overheard this brief colloquy. "It's time," Davie earnestly says, "I was thinking about getting more settled in life."

"How do you mean?" Blanche asks in the arch, innocent way.

"Why," Davie says, "time I was thinking about getting married and having my own home."

"Well, Mr. Ferguson," Blanche courteously rejoins, rising and drawing on her gloves, "I wish you all possible happiness."

Sure, just then I heard a roll of very distant thunder, and, the next moment, Blanche calls to Miss Prentice, "Now, dear, let's try to have a little time at the beach before the rain comes."

"Very well," my companion promptly assents.

Davie, however, looking dejected, remarks, "Probably the shower will pass by the island. Please, Miss Redmond," he entreats, "let's chat here a little longer."

"No," Blanche refuses firmly, yet smiling kindly, "we'd best start on." And sure she was the party's leader.

So we all then left the Tea House and, presently after, that park, Davie continuing dejected looking.

We had gone a short way on Surf Avenue when that lad — ahead of me — giving a short outcry of pain, went lame. Very soon, halting, he says, "I've probably strained a muscle of my leg." Then he takes a step or two, with increased limping, and halts again, groaning slightly.

Sure, we others, now thinking the lad was not exaggerating this injury, quickly gave him our sympathy.

Davie thanked us and added, "I think the limb will feel decidedly better after it's been rested awhile. But it may trouble me somewhat for several weeks."

At his suggestion then it was arranged that while sitting in a certain Music Hall he would rest the limb. Meantime, the others would make the beach trip. In an hour and a quarter — sure Blanche had said she no longer anticipated the rain — all would meet at the railway station. That would allow some leeway before the departure of the train we had planned taking, for three of us had evening engagements in the city.

So, with Davie hanging on my arm, we all walked slowly to that Music Hall, which he entered; then the three of us continued on to the beach.

Sure, I passed there a delightful hour. That extensive gentle slope of sandy beach, and the splendid surf indeed make the fine combination for bathing. Faith, Coney Island's natural fine bathing facilities first drew there the other so-called "attractions"; they still lead them. The past several summery days brought to that beach yesterday (the season's closing day) a fair number of bathers. I'm thinking they found the water not over warm.

Sure, the ocean, as seen from that island, interested me most by its display of grandeur, power, and multiform beauty. At the "Battery," I had looked off on that "Upper Bay," on islands and mere ocean patches, with the waters near me "cribbed and confined" by the artificial seawall. Yesterday at Coney Island sure I listened to that grand booming of the surf; I saw the big, foaming breakers, the wondrous wide expanse of waters, and the blending line of sea and sky.

Faith, that blending line was yesterday vividly recalling a certain experience befalling me when, the sprig of fourteen years, I was coming to this country in the steerage. Sure, Mayme, ye were along too! One day, when no land was in sight, father, standing beside me on the ship's deck and pointing westward over that vast, watery

stretch, says very feelingly, "Yonder, me bye, lies America that's to be our home."

Speedily recalling some of my boyish reading about that country, I asked myself, "How will it look right near my two eyes?" and I swiftly answered, "Still better than it was described!" Sure, that country was to me the "Promised Land."

Upon my venturing to tell the young ladies that kiddish emotional experience, they seemed truly pleased.

Faith, that line of meeting waters and sky suggested yesterday their narrating incidents of the summer each had passed abroad. And Blanche Redmond did not spare telling of the highly ridiculous in some of her experiences!

Sure, ten minutes beyond the time appointed, no Davie had appeared at the railroad station. So I started out to assist him, should assistance be required, during the return to the station.

Faith, near that Music Hall I surprisedly saw Davie limpsily slouching along, despite a husky policeman's support. The lad, more than "half seas over," showed no true lameness at all! The pitched-down soft hat concealed his two eyes. Yet I quickly identified him by the figure, clothes and uncovered part of the face, though there appeared the unaccustomed "happy-go-lucky" smile!

Stepping near, I says, "Officer, I'm knowing this lad in your charge."

"Good f'r ye, McMans," came brokenly from below the pitched-down hat brim.

"Cannot my friend," I continues to the officer, "sleep off this spell in bed in some nearby hotel? I would assist him to bed, and arrange for his care."

"No hotel in this," the policeman answers "I'll tell you why."

"Off'cer," Davie then stammers, "may I say — few words?"

Sure, being permitted, he stumbles on, "McMans, ye won't give me way — me — y'r friend, *Jim Brown*. 'Bout four times — year — get mellow souse; didn' 'xpect souse t'day. But Miss R — in Jap'nese Tea House turned me down — gently — tha's true. I got d'pressed — soon longed f'r bracer — 'n had it. Longing lasted — had two more bracers — all in hour — mebbe. Th' three whiskies did me up — 't always before took *four* — guess Coney stuff's stronger. Tha's my story."

The officer then explains to me: "Your friend, sitting down front in that Music Hall, interrupted the performance. The private detective called him down, but the young man repeated the disturbance. Then I was summoned — and pinched

him. Court's over for to-day," the officer says, "so for your friend it's the station house to-night, court in the morning, and doubtless a fine, then skiddoo."

The policeman added briefly about the fines.

"Humph," Davie says, "I c'n fork up the biggest one — 'n expenses till I land home — b'sides!"

Sure, at that, shaking the lad's hand, I says, "Well, good by, *Jim*, till to-morrow."

"T'morrow's right," Davie cheerfully answers, "S'long!"

Hurrying back I told the young ladies that Davie was temporarily ill (which was no lie) and would not return to Mrs. Winn's till the following day.

The two expressed warm sympathy for the patient, and, our train having gone, the next brought us to the city in time for the somewhat late dinner and our evening engagements.

Sure, I next glimpsed Davie in to-day's lately fallen dusk when he sat — as was his custom, mild evenings — on the boarding house's front stoop, smoking a fine cigar.

"Stop for a bit," he heartily says after our salutations had passed.

I halted, and Davie, speaking low, confided, "This forenoon, I pledged my brother that I would hereafter ride on the water wagon."

"Ye did well, Davie," I says.

Then he further softly confided, "Yesterday I was completely cured of following a certain hopeless quest."

Sure, knowing the quest he meant, I remarked, "Davie, that was well, too; if ye had dined here to-night," I was adding, "ye'd probably have noticed Miss Redmond's new — her engagement — ring."

"I understand well enough," the lad says, "who gave the ring."

"Yes, Denny," I gently adds.

"Well," Davie earnestly rejoins, "it's a good match; to-morrow the pair will receive my sincerest congratulations."

Plentiful love for ye all.

TERENCE.

New York.

DEAR MAYME:

This letter is strictly confidential. Sure, I've the delicate matter to state; I'm after falling in love with Miss Prentice.

Yet in education and still more in the social position, she rises above me.

Of her fine education, ye were informed.

Faith, her "references" had noted in the general way the family's high social standing. Lately, however, Mrs. Winn learned elsewhere that Miss Prentice's uncle — upon the mother's side — was formerly governor, and her father (now twelve years dead) a prominent official of the young lady's native state. All her immediate relatives hold the eminent social place. Financially, they're the "well-to-do," not the truly rich people.

Sure, Miss Prentice continues very agreeable towards me, as she does towards all. True, she has favored me more than any man here with her delightful company. Yet that may signify only her heart's abundant kindness, shown towards a respectable, ambitious country lad making his first visit, for instruction and diversion, to this Metropolis. Naturally, she commended my de-

termination to complete the college course, and to follow the engineering profession — for she highly lauded that profession.

In it I'll probably achieve good success. Leastways, ye know mother insists I've inherited a promising share of the bent for mathematics, that, when cultivated, brought our great-grandfather, Tom Quinn, those Dublin University prizes. And, I've thorough application—though well liking betimes—as the ancestral Tom well liked—a pipe and a decent, merry song. Sure, with that strong competition in the engineering line, if I'm lacking opportunity there for that marked success, doubtless I'll reach a fair income for supporting a family.

Faith, I've no idea whether the plump little god, Cupid, pierced the heart of Helen Prentice with the dart that pierced my own heart. The fine, adorable girl has given me no clear sign regarding this momentous matter; I'll ask for none till near the day I'm leaving this city. Meantime, the fates may order that sign given, one way or the other. It may be unfavorable to the country lad, having the very noticeable drawbacks along with the worthy ambitions.

Yet, Mayme, somehow I'm feeling more hopeful in the matter — though lacking truly firm ground for the hope — since I was to-day consulting two professional palmists.

That consulting came about this way. Last evening, in the parlor, Miss De Leroux, a bright young lady visiting Blanche Redmond for the day, was telling her friend's fortune by "reading" the hand. Sure, Blanche good naturedly derided some of those predictions. But Miss De Leroux ("only an amateur," she said) just as good naturedly declared palmistry a science. Whereupon, old Mr. Johns, the retired merchant here, reading then by the parlor drop-light, looks up from his evening paper, and emphatically asserts, "Well, there's *something* in palmistry."

Just then Denny appeared, to escort the young ladies to the theater.

Faith, though I'd paid palm reading small attention, I was thinking the "something" in it was not much. Yet, being perplexed, as ye've learned, I straightway decided on consulting two professional palmists. Sure, I had the presentiment that their predictions would favor and thereby somewhat encourage me. "Still," I reflected, "their *unfavorable* predictions will but slightly further depress me, and not prevent my ascertaining later from Miss Prentice herself whether she returns my affection."

So, this morning, from a daily paper, I selected for the consulting two palmists whose advertisements best hit my fancy.

The first one I found located in the well-furnished back parlor of a brownstone house upon a neat residence street. Sure, that palmist was the ample-sized, pleasant-faced, middle-aged lady, suggesting Mrs. Redmond, yet with the features less delicate and the hair a lighter shade.

My object there was promptly stated. Then the lady requested me to occupy a chair facing another by a stand, on which rested a small, bright-colored cushion.

Upon seating myself opposite the lady, with my left hand lying palm upwards on that cushion, the "readings" began.

In the ten minutes — or thereabouts — they continued, sure that palm reader's talk purled musically along like the "Meadow Brook" below Lanesboro, gurgling over the pebbles.

Early, one question briefly stayed the easy-flowing talk.

The palmist, after eyeing my hand a short time, commences, "Ye've lately been quite worried over a certain matter to be met before long. It will come out all right," she says, "ye'll be successful."

Too impatient, I hurriedly asks, "Is it *love*? or business?" about two seconds later I bethought myself to add. But sure my hesitation, I was then thinking, had given the lady the fine cue!

So I was little impressed when, after a quick

glance at my blushing face, she replied, "It is love."

Soon, however, her words were drawing my deep interest, and throughout the remaining readings that interest was maintained.

"Some delay, that ye're not expecting, will occur," the palmist next says, "before ye're certain ye have won the lady; but ye'll surely win her. The lady," the soft voice went purling on, "is your superior in several important respects" — wasn't that the snug hit? — "but ye are her superior in several others, for instance, in will power, which is extremely strong in ye." Sure, Mayme, to that last statement ye'll agree.

"When ye've once decided upon the right of anything," the lady was further adding, "ye hold to your way — pardon the comparison," she says, smiling, "with the tenacity of a bull dog." And ye're knowing that, Mayme.

Another time the palmist said, "Ye have dwelling side by side the decidedly practical and the decidedly romantic temperament. The last sometimes leads ye astray in the lesser matters, but in the greater ones, the practical temperament dominates."

Likely two further "readings" there will considerably interest ye.

"The life line," the lady palmist says, "indi-

cates an especially advanced age, eighty-six years, at least." She also declared, "Some years hence, ye'll be a rich man, and the wealth will largely come through dealing in real estate!"

"Mayme, I'm believing that will come true. Keep it secret that for months past I've had an eye on certain pasture land — to be had mighty cheap — near Lanesboro. There'll be *lots* in it — meaning both in the land and in money!

Sure, with raised spirits, I left that house!

The second palmist I visited was located on the busy thoroughfare named "Sixth Avenue," in a four-storied, unstylish building containing various business concerns.

Reaching the top floor, I was conducted into the quite cozily fitted-up front room. In its middle part again stood the covered stand, bearing the small hand cushion, and by the stand stood the two facing chairs.

The lady there was plump, fair sized, and, by appearance, a few years this side the middle age. Sure, she had been advertised "Gipsy Palmist, Clairvoyant," and was both attractive and striking looking. The gypsy seemed emphatically hinted in the dark eyes, hair, and complexion of her, likewise in the rugged strength of her motions and voice, that suggested she had passed much time in the open air encountering the vicissitudes of a

roving life. Yet, throughout the readings, refinement blended with that rugged strength. Numerous rings encircled the lady's fingers.

Upon our being promptly seated at the stand, with my hand placed as at the other palmist's, the lady asked and I answered the month of my birth.

Sure, after briefly viewing my hand through a neat-handled, extra large magnifying glass, she begun — much like the other palm reader, "Ye've lately been anxious over a certain matter to be met in the near future; ye need have no worry; it will come out as ye've wished."

Whereupon, with my face, this time, I was thinking, hiding my secret, I says, "Would ye please state what sort of matter worries me."

The lady gave me a swift smile, and answered, "A love affair, I should say."

Then resuming the readings, she soon declared, "Yes, ye'll surely be a successful lover."

"And do you read that in the hand, please?" I eagerly inquired.

"Oh, yes," the lady very affably replied, "though it's not my custom to give patrons such details, a certain line there cutting the line of the head says as I've told. Ye'll certainly win."

The palmist next announced (as the other was predicting) that I would reach advanced age,

and would become wealthy. She then mentioned — sure without comment — my being romantic and having the clairvoyant gift. That last, with all due regard for that bright fortune teller, I'm greatly doubting.

After various other announcements, interesting, yet seeming less important than those ye've learned of, I asked, "Would ye please state a prominent event of my past life?" Judging from that other experience, the time for the half-dollar readings was nearly up, I wished the remaining time should go entirely to the past.

"Yes," the gipsy lady, after peering hard through that magnifier, presently replied, "you've had one very severe sickness."

"Please, how long since?" I inquired.

"In the first ten years of your life, I should say." Sure, that "I should say," when spoken by her, seemed her modest way of declaring the pure truth!

Following that last reply, I remarked, "My mother tells of a perilous sickness befalling me in infancy. After that, the so-called children's diseases I was having mighty light, and since, no sickness at all."

The lady smiled very good naturedly.

Sure, mentioning children's diseases suggested

my asking, "Would ye be saying how many children are in my father's family?"

The dark eyes, for some seconds, looked dreamily down, then slowly lifting them, the lady said, "Six — or seven."

Wasn't that near the mark? "Seven" alone would have hit it. I'm uncertain whether the lady would claim reaching that answer while briefly in the clairvoyant state. When going into that alleged state is agreed upon in a "case," those professionals ask from two to five dollars. Faith, even that smallest fee I'd not take from my vacation fund that must go to numerous things.

Sure, the readings now being over, I paid the half dollar, and went away highly pleased.

Mayme, likely ye'll judge, as at present I do, that many of those announcements by the palmists came through their keenness at "reading out people," as the saying is, at least people consulting them. Mainly, I'm thinking, those persons are in trouble over either love or business matters. And the palmists, slipping in quiet, searching looks, are mighty shrewd guessers about *which sort* the trouble is. And, I'm believing, the patrons are commonly assured that they're *coming out right* — something highly agreeable to hear!

Yet in truth, as old Mr. Johns remarked, there

may be "something" in it. Some decidedly intelligent persons are believing so. Later I'll be studying the subject.

Anyhow, after consulting those palmists, I felt more hopeful than before. Sure, we never said that after Mary McAvoy, that flaming-haired young prophetess of joy, had predicted our rosy-hued fortunes from her well-worn deck of cards! We had been amused, that was all.

Indeed more confidently than of late, I'll await Miss Prentice's momentous decision.

As ever, heartiest love to ye all.

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE.

New York.

DEAR MAYME:

An account of my bantering Denny, yesterday, may passably amuse ye.

Having leisure in the late fine afternoon, he suggested our strolling up the avenue, beginning our walk at Twenty-third Street.

Sure, I expected on that walk cousin would rhapsodize on "little old New York," and "the present incomparable age," dwarfing all other ages, Denny asserts, into puny insignificance! In truth, bright lad though he is, he knows little about history, and cares less. Except Christianity, the invention of the printing press and the steam engine, he practically ignores the past lying beyond Morse's invention of the telegraph!

Faith, I planned for a bit of fun over his enthusing on his favorite themes!

Upon these three short Broadway blocks, sure Denny looked the modern, extra-joyous Apollo, carrying gracefully his neatly dressed, athletic figure, and often delightedly bowing to his friends and acquaintances.

As we strolled up the avenue, those recognitions became sparser. Indeed, Denny belongs more to Broadway than to Fifth Avenue! Yet his happi-

ness still seemed unabated. Chiefly he talked interestingly — and from the builder's standpoint — of various structures that we passed.

Sure, above Forty-second Street his first panegyric burst forth! Suddenly halting before a jeweler's big plate-glass window, Denny grandly says, "My boy, have a look at *this!*"

Faith, I saw inside the window a complete dining-service, apparently of the solid gold!

"Talk," Denny soon enthuses, "about your distant, old-time cities! My boy, here's what you're seeing to-day in New York town!"

Then his handsome face glowing with metropolitan pride, he started on.

Indeed, I'd had the cue! Yet I preferred drawing out for a brief time cousin's comments on those magnificent, upper Fifth Avenue homes. And sure, Denny gave out important points; he's absorbed much practical knowledge of building.

Upon our seating ourselves in Central Park, I says, now seeking that little fun, "Denny, in far-off Asia, stood an old-time city ——"

"D - - n your old-time city," he interrupts, though not in the severest tone.

"Some might be saying it was long ago damned," I replies, unruffled; then continuing, "It was called Babylon. The great wall sur-

rounding it enclosed an area of about two hundred square miles. Ye were just now rightly praising this beautiful park. Sure, nine tenths of that Babylon was given up to parks, orchards, fields, and gardens. Were ye sometimes hearing of those hanging gardens?"

"When a kid," Denny answers indifferently, "I heard they once ranked with the world's seven wonders. I've mighty little idea of those old gardens."

"Well," I says, "here's the gist of it. They arose, five in number, one above another, on a series of stone platforms. Each garden had an artificial hill. Flowers—and trees as well—grew there. There were avenues, galleries, and banquet halls. That topmost garden, overlooking the city's wall, was higher than any New York roof garden!"

"How are ye making that out," cousin asks, incredulous.

"That city wall, itself," I says, "that broad the four-horse chariots were easily turned up there, arose three hundred feet!"

"Yes, just a big, plain solid masonry structure," Denny sniffs back.

"Scarcely plain," I answers good naturedly, "with its hundred gates of brass and its inner surface faced with bricks that successfully represented interesting hunting scenes."

At that, sure, cousin looked mightily taken aback.

"We were seeing on Broadway," I next says, "that gold dining service. At the summit of Babylon's famous temple of Bel — accounted a powerful warrior — stood the gold statue of him, *forty feet high!* A gold table nearby measured forty feet long by fifteen feet wide! Was a gold statue that high, or a gold table of those dimensions ever seen in New York?"

Sure, Denny, grown deeply flushed, smoked on in silence.

"Now," I soon continues, "just a glimpse at those old Babylonians' public enterprise! Through the middle of their city ran the River Euphrates. At its edges fine quays and landing places were built. Ferry boats plied over the river. A wide drawbridge further accommodated those crossing it. At the bridge's either end stood a magnificent palace ——"

"For heaven's sake," Denny exclaims, jumping up, "stop chinning about that old city. Are you trying to sour me on New York?"

Then he impulsively started up the park; of course I accompanied him. After some seconds of silence, he abruptly halts, and giving me the humorous look, says, "My boy, your surprising me almost knocked me out. I'm mighty shy," he

proceeds, "on ancient history. But I'm wise to the so-called modern 'revolutionizing inventions!' Those old Babs had no telegraph, no telephone or wireless, no electric lights or motors. They never even glimpsed a railroad. Why, New York has got that old town skinned by ten city blocks!"

"That's right," I says, laughing, "but I was hinting that after looking down the past, we can more fairly estimate some present-day things."

"Doubtless correct," Denny says, "all the same I'll do little looking down the past. New York is still suiting me."

Thenceforth on our walk we talked of the modern topics.

Now, regarding a certain announcement and the subsequent colloquy last evening.

Cousin's suggestion lately that, after leaving college, I should start in the engineering profession in this city, sure I lightly waived away, as I'd probably not get a suitable position to hasten decently that start.

Two days since, however, Denny sounds Mr. Meath on this matter. Sure, the rich contractor — himself likewise a trained engineer — had sometimes talked with me, and cousin had told him — in overrating terms, I'm fearing — of my bent for the mathematics.

Mr. Meath answers Denny, "It's about twenty months till your cousin will leave college; of course any promise of a position for him would be contingent on his keeping up good work meantime." Soon Mr. Meath continues, "Let him try this," hurriedly beginning to write. Presently handing Denny what he'd written, he says, "After your cousin calculates that out, bring me his work."

Sure the "that" was a truly not simple problem in the higher mathematics. That evening I worked it out, and yesterday Denny took the calculation to the office.

Last evening cousin stopped awhile at Mr. Meath's home, taking dictation. About nine, all beaming, he enters our room and exclaims, "Your problem business, the boss says, was all right. He'll start you in somewhere at \$2,000 per, the first year, if meantime you keep making good. My boy, a layout like that, promised so far ahead, isn't common! Don't forget that!"

"Sure," I says, grasping cousin's hand, "I'll not forget it, nor who set going this great kindness to me."

Denny, smiling, then subsided into the Morris chair, just beyond the library table.

When his cigar soon glowed, I continued, "I can never repay ye. Faith, I wanted to live here. But I've no genius to make discoveries or striking

advances, drawing the world's attention. I'm not a La Place, a Napier, or a Roebling. Sure, like the vast number of mortals, I must take a road already made. I'm not fancying that old aphorism, when put into Greek, '*Hodon euraso a poiase*'; in a multitude of cases it doesn't fit at all —"

Denny, looking annoyed, interrupted, "My boy, talk United States — or County Claire!"

"Your pardon," I says, "I was about adding that those words mean 'I will find a road or make one.' Sure, the Greek sentence crossed my mind because I lately heard of a college class having it for a motto. And the sentiment was not pleasing me. Besides, a Greek didn't first say those words."

"Your apology is accepted," Denny soothingly answers; "what old guy," he asks, smiling, "did crack that nut?"

"Historians," I says, "attribute it to the famous Carthaginian general, Hannibal. It referred to getting his army over the Alps (in places then impassable to it) into Italy, the enemy's country. In doing that, more than half that army of about sixty thousand perished."

Soon Denny gravely remarks, "Yes, most of us must travel a road already made. And it's well," he says, "to start as far along on that road as we're

fitted to, and, when there's a better rig available, not to travel by an ox-cart! It's a long stretch," he adds, sighing slightly; "so far I've got on pretty well."

"Ye've done uncommonly well," I says, "since ye came here, the poor lad lacking influence. Would ye kindly sketch for me how mainly ye managed your journey thus far?"

"Sure," Denny replies, "to please you, I'll tell ye that, but it will not be the account of a great man."

So, thinking the account might be somewhat lengthy, I took it down, with coz's permission, in my amateur shorthand.

"My boy," he says, "as occurred with you, I found myself — mostly — before I shook Lanesboro.

"Mentally, it wasn't a big find. In my sawed-off high school course, memory and imitation showed up strong, but no marked originality, except at mischief.

"The physical assets summed up better; an iron constitution, plentiful energy, and uncommonly swift fingers.

"And I had the social temperament.

"Sure that — for pleasing customers — and the swift fingers for work — storekeeper Griggs appreciated. At typewriting and stenography,

the quick hands and that imitation again came in strong. Before quitting Lanesboro, I could type out a hundred words a minute, and could match in speed — with accuracy — the average experienced stenographer.

“Well, on landing, the stranger lad in this town, I promptly answered a mercantile firm’s ‘ad.’ After a tryout, they took me on at \$900 for the first year; the next I got \$1,300 there; the next \$1,800; the last, \$2,200. I’d watched out, but struck nothing better than those layouts.

“That second year I joined two social organizations, not at all highly expensive. Midway in that fourth year I was admitted into a big, moderately expensive and truly rather swell club. In it, besides other sorts, were city politicians and some capitalists — of the youngerly, dashing class.

“Sure, I got chummy with several of those politicians and capitalists. There was a common bond, besides the club membership; we were all jokers.

“Near the close of that fourth year I learned that, through a recent death, the private secretaryship at Mr. Meath’s was vacant. I applied for it, and, that week my time with the merchants being up, I began with the big contractor at \$2,500 per. Ye’re perhaps knowing that my pay there

went, by the twenty-five hundred dollar jumps, to the present ten thousand.

"Now, my boy, why was your coz, the very light rider in various ways, copping off that very respectable pay?

"Likely that total raise was mostly for work outside the office line, where — from what's been said — ye'd doubtless expect I'd make good.

"About that outside part, then. Sure, I soon sized up this situation; Mr. Meath, sixty-five, the born New Yorker, finely educated, knowing his business — including all modern improvements — from A to Z, a corking good executive, and all times square, shrank from putting his achievements in the limelight! Same way, in the domestic line. Worth several millions, and living in the altogether unshowy, yet quietly elegant style. Sure, while his business continued large, various big builders, the loud horn-tooters, had passed him. Mainly, those youngerly dashing capitalists — comparatively few of them reared in this city — had never heard of this quiet man!

"Well, through some of my moneyed club friends, the 'light rider' was able to bring the boss several fine contracts. Sure, the friends found him all right, and he appreciated my taking the course I had.

"From handling contracts and correspondence and from reading, I absorbed a good deal about modern building, though some of the deeper matters got by me.

"After some months, Mr. Meath began sending me out quite often to talk with parties about building jobs. Sure, he's kept doing that. Very generally he loads me up with all I'm to say. Yet occasionally, when he hasn't fully loaded me, I can commonly cover the case by adding to the boss's instructions what I already knew on the subject. If some deep thing sticks me, I arrange to refer it promptly to the boss, and then inform the party. And sure, that's always done. I tell no lies and all times keep a cheerful front."

After the brief pause, Denny smilingly ends, "That's about all."

Faith, I was thinking he had well sketched his managing on that road. One helpful thing, however, was — very properly, with himself speaking — omitted. And that is the handsome lad's captivating magnetism.

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE.

New York, Oct.

DEAR MAYME:

This forenoon Blanche Redmond invited me into the parlor, "for a short talk."

When we were seated, she smilingly says, "Before coming to the present case a little biography.

"Lucille Nash, my classmate in the public school here — before my Montreal school days — was a strikingly beautiful girl; her people were in moderate circumstances. She was uncommonly bright. Yet — oh, I know my own speech frequently isn't a model — Lucille sometimes said such very sharp things about her acquaintances that I never became truly 'chummy' with her. Still, we were friendly. She was really kind hearted.

"About a year ago, while in the West, she married a Mr. Copley, a multi-millionaire mine owner and 'promoter' — twice her age. Since the marriage I first saw her yesterday (beautiful as ever) at a reception here in town. Helen Prentice, who it seemed had also formerly known Lucille, was at the reception, too.

"Mrs. Copley told us, among other things, about her magnificent country house, lately

finished, and urgently invited us to her 'At Home' to-day. She laughingly added, 'Bring Mr. Rafferty. I met him socially awhile ago, and learned that you two are very special friends.'

"Helen and I gladly accepted the invitation, and I promised your cousin also would attend the 'At Home,' if business permitted.

"Well, Denny can't get away to-day. Now, won't you please go instead, if Lucille cordially invites you? She would make you feel entirely comfortable, and that great, elegantly fitted-up country house, that we're to be taken 'all through,' would furnish you a novelty."

"Sure," I says, "I'll willingly go, upon the lady's hearty invitation."

And presently at the phone in the back parlor was heard, "Certainly. The cousin will be warmly welcomed at Copley Crest."

At the Grand Central Depot this afternoon, Blanche telegraphed for a stylish rig to meet us at the village station, two miles from Copley Crest. She had patronized, it happened, the liveryman of that village on her month's stay there several summers since.

I'll not particularize regarding our pleasant, uneventful train ride.

Sure, a stylish rig awaited us at the small railway station. Upon seeing that spic-span victoria,

with the gay lap-robcs, the proud bay horses in the silver-plated harness, and the scrumptious driver sitting straight as a ramrod, Blanche Redmond exclaimed, "That's something like! Lucille would feel scandalized at this budding stage of her planned social career, if we came without a fair show of style to one of her formal 'functions'!"

In a little while, after passing quiet village scenes, well-kept farms, and scattered, ambitious country places, we were ascending the "Crest's" finely made, winding private road. On the broad, grassy slope, grand old trees stood about. Nearing the house, we observed a considerable patch of the Long Island Sound, also the completed cut-stone garage and the extensive, unfinished cut-stone stables, each building located rearward, at fitting distance from the immense country house.

Soon that structure's surprising width — more than one hundred and fifty feet, I roughly estimated — deeply impressed me. Yet that picturesquely rambling country house, with the sightly tower and numerous piazzas, presented pleasing proportions.

As we approached the porte cochere, there glided from it an expensive auto car, bearing two elegantly dressed young ladies.

Sure, a solemn-faced, livery-clad butler — of

the imposing size — swiftly answered my ring at the door. Within the hall stood waiting three impassive-looking liveried men.

Learning our names, the butler escorted us and, upon entering the so-styled *salon*, announced us to the hostess.

My! the young lady had the dazzling beauty. Faith, the gems she wore seemed dimmed by the bright brown eyes of her, and by her golden-brown hair where it was burnished by the sunbeams streaming in! The pure white of her complexion was finely set off by the delicate pink of her cheeks and the cherry red of the lips. All her features seemed faultless.

Sure, the lady greeted my companions effusively and like the school girl friend. The country lad she met with the simple, frank cordiality, adding with the good-natured smile, "You remind me of your cousin; your face tells me you'll *do things* in the world."

Flattery, doubtless! Yet the lady's whole manner towards me throughout that call made me comfortable at her grand house, as Blanche Redmond had predicted.

Soon after those greetings, Mrs. Copley, with her bright eyes twinkling, says, "Girls, you know I'm trying to embark on a social career. I must tell you about my first 'At Home'; this is number

two in the series. Well, to that first 'At Home' just six people came! From the village you drove through came an elderly bank president, with his mature spouse, and the almost venerable rector of the church that I — rather infrequently — attend. From the city arrived two of Mr. Copley's rich, middle-aged friends, and my old maid cousin, who talked me nearly blind. Yet the small attendance didn't discourage me! Four of the six, you notice, stood for money! And maybe the clergyman's presence cast an aura of sanctity about the affair! But," the lady says, with a sudden serious look, "in *one* thing I was disappointed. Not a young person came to that 'At Home.' And I wanted the young people well represented at every one. I'd sent out the invitations with that in mind.

"To-day," she says, sure beaming again, "I'm not disappointed. Including you three, six young people — besides the older ones — have already called, and I'm so glad."

Presently the hostess, answering Miss Prentice, says, "After November 10, we'll occupy our town house for awhile; most of the winter and part of the spring we'll pass at Palm Beach. Next summer," she warmly adds, "after the stables are finished and equipped, we'll give week-end parties at the Crest; and I'll want you girls — and Mr.

McManus, if he's hereabouts," she says, smiling upon me — "to come to at least one of the week-ends. You all like horseback riding, I hope!"

Upon our assenting, she hurries on, "We'll each have a fine mount. I've lately been taking riding lessons at Durland's, and am already a 'horsey' young woman. Before long, they tell me, I'll become a very respectable young horsewoman! You'll come out, won't you?"

Sure, we all said coming would delight us, though I expressed doubt of then being hereabouts.

Miss Prentice next says, "I hope, Lucille, your servants are satisfactory? The butler is certainly impressive!"

The other laughs and replies, "Unquestionably Oswald brings to his position several important qualifications, extra size, vast dignity, and superior skill at mixing salads. But, *inter nos*, he often muddles his simple accounts, and lately he's had wordy set-tos every day with the superintending housekeeper, who is highly efficient. I'm afraid," Mrs. Copley says, "the impressive chief of staff will have to go. The others," she adds, "are satisfactory."

"For goodness' sake, Lucille," Blanche Redmond asks, "how many servants have you?"

"Sixteen now," the hostess replies, "when the stables are finished, there'll be twenty. At pres-

ent," the young lady volunteers, "the feminine contingent numbers seven, the housekeeper, four maids, and two laundresses. The male contingent numbers nine people, the butler and his four men, the chef, Mr. Copley's valet, the chauffeur, and the useful man. So far," Mrs. Copley adds, "he hasn't been useful at all, with no guest yet staying over night."

"Dear me!" the hostess soon afterwards exclaims, upon looking out of the window, "there comes old Mrs. Garnet! I recognize her establishment, with the white-faced bays, slowly climbing up the lower part of our driveway."

"Lucille," Blanche Redmond speedily rejoined, "you don't seem delighted at the prospect?"

"On account of you people, I'm not," Mrs. Copley replies. "Oh," she explains, "the old lady has high social standing, and is really quite a good soul. But that half-hour tiresome monologue — I've heard it in a way — on her wonderful family tree, rooted in royalty way back to James the Second! I'm told she doesn't repeat the story to those who've heard it. Zealot-like, she longs to win new believers. So I'm immune. But I tremble for you three unless you're fond of hearing other folks' long spun-out genealogies."

Sure, we swiftly answered that we were not.

The hostess, her face suddenly lighting, quickly

follows: "Now is the very time for you three to see the house. Mrs. Garnet," she adds, "won't stay long with only me for audience! when you return here, we can resume our visit, without dread of that boresome old genealogy!"

A trifle later the maid, answering the electric bell, was directed to show us through the house, and we were laughingly cautioned to miss the genealogist in that lower hall.

Sure, Mayme, I'm not qualified to describe minutely the interior of that immense country house. But I'll attempt giving ye some idea of its style and arrangement.

Of the prominent larger rooms — not in the servant's quarters — the *salon* seemed an extra-sized parlor and luxurious sitting-room combined. And the uncommonly wide and spacious lower hall seemed to combine the elegant lounging room and picture gallery. With those two rooms I'd class the library, the dining, music, billiard, and smoking rooms, the hostess' and the host's bed chamber.

Sure, silk and tapestry hangings and rugs of beautiful skins of wild animals adorned some of those rooms. Mostly the floors were of choice, hard wood; a few were tiled. Those rooms had each a different style of furniture — Miss Prentice quietly tipped me the names — Louis this and

Louis that, the Empire, Mission, Chippendale, etc.

I'll note particularly the great dining-room and the hostess' bed chamber. In the former, with its massive chairs and towering sideboard, panels of rich-looking leather covered the walls. Those leather panels were held in place and ornamented by very numerous shining brass nails of differing sizes, the whole arrangement sure imparting a striking effect.

The hostess' bed chamber, exquisitely finished and furnished, had daylight entering from every side. That room — Mrs. Copley afterwards said, answering a question — is thirty-two feet square; mark the size! And a large dressing-room with the private bath adjoined.

Leaving those larger rooms, there were *twenty* guest chambers — note the number — each finely appointed, and with the bath adjoining.

Regarding the arrangements for the servants.

Their individual rooms were convenient and markedly cheerful. Their dining hall had its own pantry and closets and a seating capacity at table for twenty-six persons, the maid said — as some guests might bring their own servants. The extensive laundry in the topmost story held every modern equipment. Nearby was the drying-room used in the inclement weather.

Sure, ye now have some idea of that house's adaptation for entertaining numerous guests.

On returning to that salon, with no genealogist there, we were merry over the fine refreshments served. Faith, Mrs. Copley in several highly amusing reminiscences of her public school days, displayed the bright mimicry, bringing tears of laughter to her callers' eyes.

Following those refreshments, upon casting one of her occasional exploring glances at the private road, she exultingly exclaims: "There comes the governor's wife" (sure I saw the near-approaching red auto). "Now," Mrs. Copley gayly adds, "I know I'm getting on! The government endorses my social aspirations!"

Renewed invitations to the week end, and hearty adieus succeeded.

Indeed, I came away highly gratified with that call. The tour of the great house had proved instructive, and the beautiful hostess highly entertaining. She seemed to me the gifted conversationalist, and, despite her somewhat peppery speech betimes, truly kind hearted, as Blanche had said.

We were all in fine spirits while returning to the village.

When we neared that small railway station, a farmerish, one-horse "rig," and behind that, a

stylish "turnout" occupied that much space by the rear platform, our driver must halt the victoria elsewhere. Sure, he halted it about a dozen feet from the platform and opposite the stylish carriage.

I noted specially that farmerish rig, with the red-whiskered, hatchet-faced driver, and the long-legged, ungainly bay hitched to the stout "democrat," bearing three capacious trunks.

Upon our alighting, sure Blanche was searching her handbag for the exact amount of our driver's fee.

Meanwhile that farmerish driver impatiently pipes up at the man who'd just boosted another trunk onto the "democrat," and now stood, resting himself: "Say, I want to be hum at milkin' time. Them fall-vacationer gals had five baggage checks that I gin you. So I reckon there's another trunk to fetch."

The other, grinning, says, "I'll bring it after the train goes." Then he deliberately walks away.

Sure, Blanche, failing in her search, now hands me the "greenback," out of which our Jehu would be paid; I settles with him, and he drives off.

As I then hands Blanche the change in bills, that stylish rig was going away, and a locomotive whistled, whereupon, she says: "That's our

train. Well," she adds, carefully stowing the bills, "we've time enough, and maybe to spare. This train used to take on water here." Faith, everywhere the keen, observing girl!

Then we three started for the station by the direct course, crossing the now vacant space behind the farm wagon.

Sure, we'd just started when Blanche — behind me — exclaims, "Gracious, I've dropped my hand bag, in the dirtiest place of course!"

Miss Prentice kept on, but I, hurriedly facing about, picked up the soiled bag, and with my handkerchief vigorously dusted it. Blanche, the paragon of neatness, closely watched that dusting. As I soon handed her the bag, the farmerish driver angrily shouted, "Git up, durn ye!"

Turning around, sure I saw Miss Prentice lying stretched out still as death in the track of that madly backing horse! And the loaded wagon about two yards from her! Instantly I rushed forward, and, stooping, dragged away the girl by the feet, her head just narrowly escaping one wheel. Faith, before that infuriated animal stopped he had passed over the ground where she had lain motionless.

Now, for a brief moment, she continued so. Then her color partially returned, and the fine, dark eyes opened, showing the faraway expression.

Soon that became natural, and she murmured, "I'm deeply grateful." Presently she says, with voice much strengthened, "I'm uninjured except for a sprained ankle. My foot turned, then I fell and fainted. The turning happened once before — last winter. But I'd not fainted in years."

Sure, we now helped the young lady up.

Then the farmer, leaving another man managing the quivering horse, came over and steadily chinned to us as we walked to the train, Blanche and I meanwhile assisting the lamed young lady.

"I'm tarnation glad," the farmer speedily began, "the gal's all right. Now listen," he says; "when the four-year-old seen that train glidin' towards him — not sensin' it would come tother side of the depot — he tuk powerful skeert, an' my hollerin' an' lickin' effected nothin'. When the train stopped all quiet and outen his sight, he stopped of his own accord."

"That's no kind of a horse to have near a train," I says.

"Harken," he answers. "Dan Calkins lately sold me that colt, claimin' he was broke to the keers and every way. On the farm he has 'peared all right, excep' inclinin' tew back tew fur, but improvin' 'bout that. Howsomever, that ar habit probably explains his backin' in

that fear-fit, instid of tryin' runnin', as some keer-skeert horses dew."

Sure, arrived now near the train, we noticed the engine was still taking water.

"Hen Bliss, the best hossman hereabouts," the farmer goes on, "'ll manage the colt till he's hauled them trunks to a safe distance, an' depend on't, Dan Calkins 'll take back the animal an' pay over somethin' extry for fraud, if I hev to sue him fust."

The big tank pipe was now starting swinging back, and, hurriedly bidding the old farmer good by, we boarded the train.

Sure, I assisted Miss Prentice to a seat, and, after a little, with the foot laid up, she was somewhat eased of the pain. Yet we were far on our way to New York before the dimpled cheeks of her showed their accustomed abundant color.

This evening, the surgeon summoned pronounced the injury a sprain alone, as Miss Prentice herself was believing.

Well, much love to every McManus on Willis Street.

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE

New York, Oct.

DEAR PATSY:

This letter, telling of my trip to the Bronx Park and to a City Playground is specially for yourself. Sure, ye're the naturalist of the family, and its warmest enthusiast regarding athletics.

Bronx Park, lying north of New York's thickly populated section, yet within the Greater City, suitably varies between open country and woods. The latter seemed to me all native, as sure is not the case in some parts of Central Park.

Ye see in a twinkle that the extensive Bronx tract is arranged as a home for the lower animals and birds, yet the comfort of man while studying them is also well provided for.

Of the numerous interesting sights in the park, I'll mention but those few before which I longest lingered.

The bears, truly all fine examples of the prominent varieties, occupy a row of adjacent pits, each containing representatives of a certain variety. The pits, severally surrounded by massive stone walls topped by an iron-barred fence, have a cement floor; its middle part, however, is replaced by a sunken, commodious fresh-water pool. At the rear stand two stone dens.

Sure, in one pit a big brown bear kept walking around upon the cement floor. Though appearing heated by the sun's rays he entirely neglected the pool. Faith, I wondered at his actions. Presently I noticed another husky Bruin pacing upon the stonewall of that enclosure. His turning around without falling off required careful management. "Why," I asked myself, "is he up there, deserting his companion?" Then I saw curled up on the wall, and just beyond the iron fence, another bear. The two were sweet-hearts, I was thinking.

• In another pit, two extra-sized, tawny Bruins, showing towards each other the cosey, amiable ways, suddenly reared up on their hind legs, and clinched. Soon each animal's jaws, gently grasping the shoulder of his opponent, were aiding the big, muscular forepaws to take a fall out of him. For several minutes those alert, managing Bruins, softly prancing about, had the close tustle! Then the darker-hued one lay stretched full length, vanquished. Ye're knowing that great muscular power lurks in the angry bear's hug! Sure, no brute force was cruelly exerted in this contest. And the fun outlasted the fall. Nearly a minute the husky victor mischievously held down the vanquished! Then he playfully rolled off, the two took a short companionable walk — and clinched again!

Sure, after two further rounds — each much resembling the first — the pair, with a tired air, sauntered back and in friendliest style, entered the one den! Indeed, that after-part capped the delight of those admiring spectators crowded before the pit. And faith, Patsy, Nature alone had taught those four-footed wrestlers!

Within the so-called "Flying Bird Cage" (ye'll not think the cage flies!), itself likely two hundred feet long and seventy wide and high, many of those highly various birds may wing a flight decently fitting their natures.

A big, gray vulture the most interested me. While I sat near the huge cage, he came sturdily rushing over the grass within it and suddenly stopped a short ways from me. From the close-by scrap of meat upon the ground, sure, he dabbed out several mouthfuls, gulping each down in a hurry! Then he stood motionless, looking dopey.

Within the minute, a young blue heron appeared, swiftly skipping with a queer, uneven gait, and, sneaking behind that big bird, snipped out a bit of the meat and skipped away. Then a plump, wild-eyed raven coming flitting over the grass, halted about ten feet from the vulture. But sure fear fast grew upon the raven, for soon he scurried off. Right after, a fussy bantam rooster, emerging from some shrubbery, strutted straight

towards that coveted meat, but at several paces from it turned tail and retreated.

Sure, not one of those smaller birds had the old vulture seemed to notice. He stood there, dopey-like, maybe dreaming of his former craggy home and those banquets upon unspeakable flesh.

As that bantam retreated, the big fellow sailed grandly away, stretching each wing a full yard as he flew. Faith, he lit upon a log, artificially perched quite high towards the cage's other end. A few minutes later, approaching much nearer, I saw him sitting there, solitary and somber, betimes casting down a gloomy, superior look on the rubber-necked flamingoes, long-billed pelicans, and other birds outside his class. The vulture, ye're knowing, is "classy"—in *his* way!

Sure, Patsy, I'll speak to your face of other highly interesting sights in this park; doubtless regarding many of them ye're already wiser than I.

Yet sure, from my kid days, I took delight in noticing the ways of the lower animals and birds. Late years, however, I've had scant time for that improving diversion. Since the Bronx trip, I'm determined to resume the diversion on pleasant Saturdays; in the coming two years, anyhow, that scheme looks practicable.

Last Saturday I was at the "Hamilton Fish

Park," so styled. Truly, it is one of the ten or more playgrounds owned and operated by the city — sure, it owns others not yet equipped. This playground occupies an entire block. Besides the arrangements for basket ball, tennis, etc., the park contains various gymnastic appliances, mostly protected by strong canvas roofs, and mainly alike in the playground's two divisions, respectively for the boys and girls.

Saturday the girls were largely favoring the swings and giant strides, the boys the horizontal ladders and flying rings. Yet numerous youngsters were at the various plays provided.

The very spacious stone building in the park supplies a place for the children's playing in weather unsuitable for outdoor sports. Within this building also some of the girls are making, betimes, attractive useful articles, dust brushes, napkin rings, and the like.

Regarding those youthful frequenters of the park. On Saturdays about four thousand children are swarming there; other days, about twenty-five hundred. Sure, it was a lively sight, more than a thousand kids at once in different plays and gymnastic stunts! Those youngsters seemed mostly from nine to fourteen years old, with scattering ones up to seventeen. Foreign-looking faces appeared decidedly the most numerous.

Sure, the instructors, all young men, mingled freely in the sports. The kids seemed mighty happy. And yelling was cut out! Faith, ten boys playing on an uptown residence street here I've heard sending up far greater noise than the thousand park-frequenterers made! And the uptown noise was mostly senseless yelling, not outbursts at the game's exciting turns! Sensible lad ye were to quit contributing to that unmeaning yelling on the Cavanagh lot!

Naturally, the boys, who have gained good skill at the games in the playground parks, wanted matched games. And the authorities accommodated them. Track and basket-ball teams have been organized and trained by skillful coaches. The matched games are held at one or more of the parks Saturday afternoons. Last week I could not delay for the game. But sure I saw a picture of a winning team, the bright-eyed boys, looking about thirteen years, in uniform, with the park's initials big upon the sweaters, and the boys' air as proud as that of college champions!

Last week, in that playground's spacious building, the older boys registered, preparatory to their voting for a boy mayor and other officials chosen at a municipal election. Two tickets were up, and the entire proceedings were modeled

after those pertaining to such an election. The boys chosen have at the park certain duties corresponding with the offices they were named for. Yet the park authorities direct above all. Indeed the scheme gives the kids a schooling that they highly enjoy in the forms and ways of city government.

Sure, after talking with the park superintendent, I keenly realized how important it is that those playground frequenters are mainly children from the tenements.

Many of those tenement houses either have no backyard or one chiefly occupied by a shop or the like. Before a conveniently located and suitable playground was provided, those tenement house kids, considered old enough by their parents to be playing on the streets, mainly had there their outdoor sports, and (taking a crowded section comprising — say — a half dozen blocks) quite a number of those street players, it seems, became petty grafters. Doubtless kids getting scant helpful teaching at home supplied most of the prey to the young "tough," who possessed some of the qualities of a "leader," as he was called. Sure, he led his prey to thieve from the push carts and the stock of the various small street venders abounding in the section.

Indeed, the city's playgrounds have mostly

stopped, within the sections having them, that pitiful recruiting. The tough grafter-leaders, themselves far scarcer than formerly, now find in those localities scarce a youngster who can be coaxed into thieving. The playgrounds keep developing the kids frequenting them into sturdy, rightly ambitious lads, the older ones showing fine promise of becoming highly patriotic American citizens.

So, Patsy, ye're seeing those playgrounds exert a deep influence on the city's life.

Sure, I'll add another item bearing — in a sense — upon athletics.

The other day I was attending a special drill or practice of the men at a certain fire house — at intervals that practice occurs. Through cousin's kindness, I bore a letter to the chief official of that place. After witnessing — among various stunts — a fire laddie's jump from a third-story window into the life-net held by firemen in the street below, I asked could I make the leap, and, all circumstances considered, permission was given.

Indeed, that leap was doubly exhilarating, because of the fine physical sensation in going through the air (sure, entire confidence in myself and those-net holders shut out fear), and I was doing something outside the usual line!

OF TERENCE QUINN McMANUS 141

Tell Bridge, that of those girls I watched playing tennis in the Hamilton Fish Park, none seemed to me her equal at that invigorating game.

Love for all at home,

Your affectionate brother,

TERENCE.

New York, Oct.

DEAR MAYME:

The past fortnight, my solitary rambles took in two special observation lines. Aboard an "ocean liner" and several lesser sea craft, sure I gathered various information about those ships' construction and equipment. Elsewhere I added valuable practical knowledge about tunnel construction. Many items, largely statistical, regarding those matters I jotted down. Yet ye want but few statistics in the letters. Faith, later on ye can read, freely as ye like, from the fat notebook's jottings.

A fortnight ago, Denny says, "My boy, I intend blowing you and our fair friends here to good 'eats' in several of this town's more highly interesting cafés. Since you came, my strenuous daily program hindered my breaking away for those cafés, except the chop-suey joint. For two years Blanche and I had made that break once a week. That meant no slight on Mrs. Winn's truly high-class feed. Lots of people, well fed at home, strike out once — some twice — a week for a cafe furnishing inspiriting music, and the decidedly social atmosphere, with the bright faces and merry voices new to them.

You get a change, of course part with *change*, too. After trying various styles, we two cut out the top-lofty priced cafés; we preferred certain others.

"During the boss's vacation, starting to-day," Denny ends, "my evenings will be free. I'll engage reserved seats at those joy places. How will to-morrow evening, for a starter, hit you?"

"All right," I says, elatedly.

"To-morrow evening then," he adds, "the fair ones agreeing."

Sure, the café we four visited that evening was a prominent one, having mainly the well-to-do patrons, and not a few rich—by the modern standard. That large restaurant building, containing various eating rooms, stands sandwiched in a narrow block, between Broadway and the Avenue. We were seated in the tasteful, quite stately chief room on the ground floor. The dinner, price one dollar and a half—two dollars, Saturday and Sunday evenings,—wines extra all times, included the sufficient variety of courses, all of fine quality and finely served. Sure, one able to spare the price gets there his money's worth.

The men diners—I observed no exception—wore evening dress. The feminine toilettes were elegant, mostly with jewel ornaments. Wine

was abundantly ordered, mainly champagne coming within my notice. Denny ordered for himself and Blanche — sure, Miss Prentice and I declining any wine — a less costly kind. Faith, the well-filled tables throughout the extensive room and the eager, waiting crowd in the corridor showed the place's popularity with its patrons. As you'd expect, outside the building numerous autos and carriages were lined up.

"Well, my boy," Denny asked, when, after leaving the cafe we four waited for the Fifth Avenue 'bus,' "how was the food-joint?"

I says, "Fine."

"Yes, but not unique," he smilingly adds.

Sure, after visiting those other cafes, I fully adopted that opinion.

The "eating-joint" we next visited was situated quite centrally in the city upon a cross-town residence street. It had the Italian proprietorship, and occupied the entire floor of a deep house; in fitting summer weather it also takes in the rear "garden."

Upon our entering the place, the rotund proprietor, after giving the cordial, brief welcome, waived us to a waiter, who seated our quartette in the middle one of three long rows of tables.

I was soon noticing that, despite the worn carpet, doubtless implying the place's abundant

patronage, the café was neatness itself. The carpet showed most careful sweeping, and all the napery, so styled, was snow-white and faultlessly laundered.

Sure, a decidedly refined and artistic air enveloped the place.

Besides the larger electric lights, small colored ones softly glowed in pendants suspended at intervals from the ceiling. Scattered fine tapestries and oil paintings — that Miss Prentice, the qualified judge, pronounced “good pictures” — hung from the walls. A violin and piano, played by “truly skilled musicians,” — the young ladies enthusiastically agreed, — aided the diner’s digestion.

Sure, the five dinner courses we all said were excellent. Each diner, without paying extra, was entitled to a small bottle of red or white wine. If I named again who in the quartette took wine and who did not, faith, ye might sensibly fear that I’d changed to a cad! And to think, Mayme, that admirable dinner was served for sixty-five cents in New York.

Regarding the diners. All were very neatly, some of the ladies very prettily, dressed, yet evening clothes made the exception. Foreigners, with the French largely represented, were numerous. Ye saw plentiful family groups, lacking,

however, the kids. Sure, the diners at every table chatted liberally, and in the highly animated yet unboisterous way, with light laughter often interspersed. Yet betimes they silently listened, with evident keenest delight, to the sweet music.

Faith, that place's patrons, before leaving, were at pains to have an exchange of hearty "good nights" with the rotund proprietor, located near the door. Those "good nights" were the custom. Indeed, it was impressive, observing, from the outset, that beaming Boniface's hospitable ways!

Sure that "joy place" won my deep liking.

Last Friday evening we dined at an extensive and decidedly popular café located in a formerly aristocratic neighborhood on the "East Side." It was first opened, on the limited scale, as a place where Hungarians could dine at a moderate price, and listen to the music of their native land. Late years, however, the happy combination in the café's prominent features has attracted the large patronage both of native Americans and those foreign born, of various nationalities.

The four of us sat in the largest room, expensively finished and strikingly cheerful. I'll specify only the elaborate ceiling, with its hundreds of electric bulbs. Sure, the café's spacious accommodations soon impressed me. We saw the

nearer diners at tables on the mezzanine or mid-story floor, located towards one side. We also glimpsed diners in rooms broadly opening from the chief one. Patrons in those several localities doubtless could hear comfortably the gipsy band stationed in the largest room.

Faith, that excellent orchestra, of eight pieces, is a big feature of the place. It played favorite popular airs, the classical productions and those peculiarly interesting Hungarian czardas. Sure, those various numbers evoked highly liberal applause. Sometimes many diners sang with vim the popular choruses being played. Most accommodating about playing numbers specially called for, the orchestra gave two selections suggested by Miss Prentice and Blanche.

The table d'hote, provided at sixty cents, wine or beer extra, was good, though, to our thinking, not quite equal to that at the Italian restaurant. We noticed no ordering of any "extra" dish announced on the bill of fare.

Sure, those words, "table d'hote," remind me of a small happening yesterday. Denny and I were walking along, chatting jocosely when, suddenly indicating a dray horse eating oats from a nose bag, cousin says, "Sure, the Percheron is having his table d'hote (oat)!"

I laughed, then says, "The pun has been styled

the lowest form of wit; in that *form*, ye might have spoken worse!"

To return, briefly, to that café. A considerable number of the men wore dress suits; yet the business suits predominated, as did the ladies' street dresses. The feminine dinner costumes, however, were quite numerous.

That café's frequenters, I'm thinking, keenly wish that the merry "good time" should pervade the place; that keen wish is not limited to their immediate table companions. Please understand that no patron there attempts rudeness. The jollity is within bounds and of the refined sort.

Sure this week, Tuesday, we dined out in Harlem. "A fine, progressive district," Denny remarked; "yet, somehow," he says, with the mischievous look, "various Harlemites declare the district's southern boundary lies just a bit north of their residences! they're not fancying being called "Harlemites" while they're still *New Yorkers*."

Faith, our last dining-out place accommodates hundreds in its one immense room, truly concert hall and café combined. Refreshment tables are distributed over the vast lower floor and likewise in the wide balcony extending on all sides. The balcony, however, also holds the musicians.

A striking feature of the place is the brilliantly lighted, arched ceiling rising, at the highest point, I'd say, seventy feet or more above the many-hued tiled floor. Sure, the palms are another striking feature; large ones flank the main dining floor; others partially screen the musicians, and numerous smaller palms are scattered elsewhere through the balcony.

Faith, we four were located up there, Miss Prentice and I (opposite her) sitting next the balcony front, as Blanche and Denny had insisted, the position commanding a much broader view than they obtained, of the people downstairs.

A fine band of about twenty pieces rendered, with the somewhat lengthy waits intervening, fifteen interesting numbers. Also a lady soprano and a tenor sang solos.

We each ordered "by the card," and sure had an excellent dinner. The extensive fare provided ranged from the cheap dishes to those highly expensive ones. Three of us gave orders that sure would foot up at the fairly moderate figure. Between us, Blanche Redmond's ordering was extensive and betimes — I was thinking — extravagant. Faith, Denny evidently didn't mind, so long as his fiancée was suited.

After the protracted dinner, he adds, with the

jovial, quizzical expression, "Blanche, were you giving a sample here of the appetite I'm soon to begin providing for?"

"Oh, no," she flashes back with the arch smile, "to-night, you see, I'm ordering *carte Blanche*."

Sure, many a flash of her wit came at that café, during our long stay, till past midnight, when the music had ceased. Faith, Denny and I betimes were not neglecting the privilege of smoking, that helps draw many a man to those "joy-places."

That immense place's patrons, as at the middling size Italian restaurant, came neatly attired, with men's dress suits and ladies' expensive dinner costumes the exception. Not all in the big café were dining. Many, as the evening glided on, were lunching — on the varying scale.

Faith, that evening our party was concerned in a small incident.

In an interval of the music, Denny said he would ask the band leader to have played, "extra," a certain selection that Miss Prentice much admired. Thereupon, cousin started away and presently disappeared among those large palms by the orchestra.

Sure, a few minutes later I suddenly turned from chatting with my handsome vis-a-vis, as a

middle-aged stranger, without asking leave of our little party, was seating himself beside me. He had the jet black hair and whiskers, and the prominent nose, with gold-rimmed, dingy spectacles astride it. An odd cape hung about his shoulders. "Some foreigner musician," I swiftly says to myself. Then, by a rapid glance, I saw the young ladies looking down, abashed. Faith, I was roiled, and the more that way, as beside the next table were *three men and a vacant chair*.

Struggling to hide my temper, I says to the man, "Excuse me, the chair ye have was taken by my friend, who'll soon return."

"Oh, everything will be all right," the man says pleasantly, in a hoarse voice.

Sure, at that I grew less controlled, and said mighty firmly, "That vacant chair at the next table stood vacant all the evening."

"I guess I'll make my lightning change now," a familiar voice says clearly, and in a hurry off came black wig, false nose, and whiskers, likewise the gold spectacles, and there appeared the light, curly hair, deep blue eyes, and fair complexion of Denny Rafferty!

"These removed adornments," he then says, with the roguish smile, "can be transported as they came — in my pockets. But this foreign importation," he adds, unclasping and doffing the

odd cape, "before we start homeward, must be restored to my friend, Max Schurman, first violin in yonder musical outfit!"

Sure, till we heard the familiar voice, none in that disturbed trio, with the soft, orange lamp-light bathing the four there, had the slightest idea that the irrepressible wag had returned to us!

We were scarcely done with the laughing when the band began the "extra" number requested by Miss Prentice.

Faith, Mayme, I hope I've not tired ye in attempting to describe those examples of a prominent feature of this city's life.

Aff'ly,

TERENCE.

New York, Oct.

DEAR MAYME:

Impelled by the sisterly interest, ye ask for some of my observations and impressions of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration. The newspapers sent you, that gala week, sure conveyed much information upon that subject. However, I'll attempt complying with the sisterly request.

First, I'll note this important matter: the multitude of press articles the celebration elicited vastly extended among the people various detailed knowledge bearing upon the events celebrated. Sure, those diffused press articles corrected several errors widely held by persons unfamiliar with the standard American histories. Faith, many of those persons had regarded Hudson as the thorough Dutchman, not the thorough Englishman that he was! And small wonder at their mistake! They had commonly heard that famous navigator spoken of as *Hendrik*, not *Henry* Hudson. They understood, and rightly too, that he was in the Dutch employ. Likewise, numerous persons in the class mentioned had regarded Fulton as the straight-cut Englishman; his name brought them no suggestion of the "old sod!" Now it is quite generally

known that the inventor of the epoch-making steamboat was of the true Irish stock!

Sure, in reading many press articles drawn forth by the Celebration, to me the most interesting contribution, genuine literature, too, I'd say, was made by a direct descendant of Robert Fulton! That article to-day will be sent ye.

And I'll transcribe on this page a printed poem coming here, like that Fulton article, later than those newspapers ye received.

A Metropolitan paper arranged a prize composition contest for this city's public school pupils, the compositions to treat of Hudson and Fulton. Sure, the poem I'll copy was among those productions submitted by pupils aged *ten* and *eleven* years. Ye may question the juvenile rhymster's assertion that the English baby Hudson, his first day on earth, "in an old *Dutch* cradle lay." Ye may doubt whether "the little ship poorly equipped," "o'er the blue ocean *hurriedly* skipped." But ye'll also find in the poem various truths most strikingly stated, and elsewhere in it the young Miss shows the decidedly bright and quaint imagination. "Despite the imperfections, the work of a kid having the uncommonly keen and original mind," I'm thinking ye'll say. Well, here's that copy.

"In an old Dutch cradle a baby lay;
 This is the record of Hudson's first day.
 A few months later he cut a tooth
 And bellowed as babies must, in truth.
 But forty years after those troublesome days,
 Out from Dutch Amsterdam's oldest bays
 There sailed a little ship poorly equipped,
 And o'er the deep ocean hurriedly skipped.
 With Hudson the brave English captain for leader,
 The rest you must know from your books, clever
 reader,—

How they sailed and sailed till at last they hailed
 A land where the Indians squalled and railed.
 There Hudson and all his Dutchmen saw
 The red men dance and the red man's squaw
 A-watching from the hilltops near,
 To learn what the Dutch were doing here.
 Up, up he sailed, this Englishman,
 On, on the little schooner ran,
 Until old Hudson sadly cried:
 "This is not the passage to India wide;
 I would that with that tooth I'd died!"
 Then he heeded not the woodland bower,
 But stood in gloom on the ship's tall tower.
 He sought all his life, and, searching, died
 Neath the Arctic night, for India wide.
 So a glorious river is named for him,
 His old ship's now put back in the swim
 And o'er this river we *let her skim.*"

(Faith, those Italics are mine.)
 Sure, ye know that in the celebration those
 parades largely figured (maybe that's the *figura-*

tive expression). At two of them I was escorting both Miss Prentice and Blanche Redmond, Denny being detained by business — as he had expected.

The generous soul secured for the three of us excellent adjoining seats at the big "civic" land parade. Faith, it was an impressive spectacle to my two eyes, that had never beheld a "float," or any body of soldiers except a solitary company of the Home Guard Militia. Ye've read of that immense parade. So I'll not particularize regarding it. To my gaze it presented a succession of entertaining and, most times, novel sights, with enlivening music further raising my high spirits. Never during that long parade was I wearied.

Towards its close, however, the young ladies — sure, no novices at witnessing the spectacular processions — became somewhat tired. Yet they firmly favored seeing "the whole show."

Indeed the low-voiced talk suggested by their weariness, specially amused me, yet my two eyes strayed but little from that marching host.

"Dear me, Helen," Blanche murmurs, with a deep sigh, "I wish these board seats were opera chairs! And isn't the show itself getting a bit monotonous?"

"Just a bit," Miss Prentice says, smiling, "but

wouldn't we two find it *decidedly* monotonous by this time, if the paraders had been women instead of *men*?"

This somewhat humorous remark, I'm thinking, truly betokened the natural feminine admiration for our sex in general.

But Blanche roguishly retorts, "Not so many years ago, I guess you'd have mentioned, besides the men, the *boys* too, with their drum corps and cadet companies. In my kid days I'd certainly have mentioned the boys, with emphasis. Listen, she says, with the light girlish laugh, "to my first experience — I was but six — at a big parade.

"Mamma and I had splendid seats for seeing it. Papa belonged to the gallant Seventh — in the marching line that day. I watched the parade sharply till I had joyfully made out papa, clapped my hands for him and had seen his regiment pass. Soon after, I became indifferent to all the marchers except the boy drum corps and the boy cadets. Those youngsters I applauded every time, as I had from the first."

"Blanche," Miss Prentice says, with her dark eyes flashing merriment, "you've proved your case!"

Sure, refreshed by this talk, the two thereafter watched the parade with, I'd say, very considerable interest.

Faith, Blanche Redmond betimes led two people a lively chase at that next — the naval parade.

At the "Riverside Drive," a fine street extending near the Hudson River, we found the big throng assembled. Sure, none in it could see but the limited part of the long line of illuminated battleships anchored in that river. Various smaller sea craft — in line, too — kept moving upstream. In that locality where our sight-seeing started, on one side of the street stand elegant houses having front terraces; on the other side lies the narrow Riverside Park, separated from the street by a moderately high stone wall. Indeed the sightseers stood massed near that wall and upon all the benches; they swarmed on the house stoops and terraces; those yet unlocated surged along the sidewalks.

Sure, after some searching we obtained, near that park wall and on the terraces several quite favorable views; yet each included but one battleship and the moving smaller craft, that Blanche designated the "snippy small fry."

After our last view Blanche impatiently says, "Let's cross to the Jersey shore, where I'm confident we can see a respectable number of those big battleships."

"But, Blanche," Miss Prentice in the mild tones

says, "I think they're anchored decidedly nearer to the New York than to the Jersey shore. Don't you think the greater distance will make the view from there rather unsatisfactory?"

"No," Blanche firmly says, "those big ships are specially illuminated, you know. I think they'll be a fine sight."

"Well," the other amiably says, "I'm ready to go; I only feared you'd be disappointed."

I was thinking Miss Prentice still feared that. Sure, I did, but said nothing. Wasn't Blanche, as at Coney Island, the leader of our party?

So in a little while we three were boarding the ferryboat.

By the lively scurrying, we found three seats far forward in that "Ladies' Cabin." Sure, I soon surrendered my seat, for many ladies and their escorts, generally, remained standing. Upon observing that eager-faced crowd, I judged that nearly all in it were parade chasers, and like ourselves, I was thinking, now on the fool's errand. Presently, I was noticing Miss Prentice's dark, handsome eyes quietly, and, faith, almost pitifully surveying that crowd, when Blanche, looking rested and pert as ever, exultingly says *sotto voce* to the two of us, "You see all this bunch knew enough to go for a good thing!"

Then a piercing feminine shriek arose on that

forward deck, and, being near the door, in a jiffy we three had rushed out. At our left, a tall, good-featured, yet terrified-looking lady — sure not city dressed — was hysterically exclaiming, "Trouble? Why that boat's comin' straight ontew us!" Thereat a little woman nearby gave a short scream.

"Rest assured, madam," a military-appearing man beside the tall lady was already loudly answering, "the boat will pass us — perhaps at a less distance than usual."

Sure, after that lady's hysterical exclaiming, I'd seen a ferryboat, maybe ten rods away, coming almost directly, that is, a trifle obliquely, towards us. Faith, the man's firm words prevented further outcries, and soon that boat was slowly passing ours at the distance of twelve to fifteen feet.

I'm thinking one of those two facing pilots, that bright evening, had the *celebrationists* or some other partially disabling attack, for those New York harbor and river pilots hold high rank!

Sure, when those boats drew near, a big, fat man good naturedly calls from the other deck, "Take next boat back; Jersey view too punky!"

Yet Blanche stood firm by her scheme till on landing we speedily saw the disappointed-looking

crowd hurrying to that ferry house. We'd advanced but little when she says, "I'm getting doubtful; it's too early for the main fireworks, that I expected would look finer from the New York side." Then politely begging his pardon, she halts and questions a very gentlemanly appearing man on the subject of her doubt.

He proved to have the sense of humor. Smiling mirthfully, he says, "The trouble with the view over here is simply this; the ships like the millenium, are too far away!"

Sure, we three laughed, and, when the man had started on, Blanche stoutly declared, "For me, not a step further, any more than a *step-father*, if I can help it!"

So we wheeled about and took that "first boat back."

After the half hour of further parade seeing, came those "main fireworks." At intervals the lesser sort had before been shown. Faith, till that night, rockets, the Roman candles, and pin-wheels comprised the finest pyrotechnics I'd ever seen. I highly enjoyed those elaborate ones, new to me. They included the so-called "bombs" — liberating in midair the showers of colored stars — the big "bouquets" and "fountains" of many-hued lights.

Sure, upon a comparison of those [spectacular

processions, the evening land parade best suited me. I'm thinking it was not arranged by the celebration committees, though doubtless having their approval. The numerous German societies and organizations predominated in that parade; there also marched Austrians, Swiss, and others from the central European countries. Unaccompanied this time, and standing in the not badly crowded line of spectators near the street curb — many of the city's visitors had left town — I quite comfortably viewed that parade.

Several features of it specially impressed me.

Those floats were more numerous, mostly more elaborate, and generally appeared less tawdry than those others seen in the searching daylight. Some were over thirty feet high. Many carried people suitably costumed for the different floats' subjects, whether historical, legendary, or symbolic ones. Largely, those floats, I'm told, are kept carefully housed and refurbished from time to time for the festal occasions.

As ye'd expect, very many fine bands were in that line.

Indeed, seeing those German paraders called vividly to my mind — sure, sometimes directly and again by the swift suggestion — a considerable group of that nation's leading traits; the many-sided industry, and the enthusiasm for frequent

diverting festivities, the surprisingly patient delving into the serious studies—in many lines—the passionate love of music, and the fond cherishing of the poetic spirit, especially of the myths and legends of the fatherland.

Yet, Mayme, a certain other matter, I've not yet mentioned, growing out of that celebration, was most improving my mind. That matter will naturally be touched upon in a letter I'm soon to write you on another and highly important topic.

Affectionately,
TERENCE.

New York, October.

DEAR MAYME:

Two days hence I'll be leaving for home. Sure, lately I was often longing to see ye all. Yet I've been uncommonly favored down here in companions and surroundings.

Upon reaching home, I'm thinking that, by working twelve hours daily, by the month's end I'll have caught up in the college studies. The mathematical ones, by the application at odd times, are already prepared. Faith, that application was another enjoyable diversion, with the "bent" that mother pronounces an inheritance from Tom Quinn. And sure I'm inclined to believe that while many another can outspeed me in translating from old Euripides or Juvenal, I can grasp more readily than many another the Integral Calculus and the deeply interesting Mathematical Astronomy. All those, ye know, make up my present chief college studies.

Now, regarding another important matter, causing me betimes anxious thought. Sure, writing ye about it will partially relieve me mind. Late years ye were, in a far higher sense than Horace said of his patron, "*Meæ dimidium animæ*," the half of my life. In those years

ye're knowing mother was not overstrong. Moreover, to neither of our bright parents had the Fates granted but the slight education. To you I was mainly confiding my larger perplexities. And, faith, ye always listened with the keen interest, and when ye thought it proper to advise, ye advised well. Sure, as all that is your spirit still, I'll take up the main subject of this letter.

To-morrow evening I'll propose to Helen Prentice. Indeed her charms of person and character — that ye've learned of in part — have grown on me! And it's many another those attractions have impressed.

In going about with the young lady was I not seeing the hundreds of admiring looks bestowed on her handsome face — looks, sure, never descending to the wide stares, — as the handsome face ever had that highly respected defense, the true womanly modesty.

And the fine manners never failed in the most trying annoyances arising on that going about.

The letters to ye — mostly on the lighter subjects — I'm thinking held but little of Miss Prentice's quiet humor; they held more of Blanche Redmond's quick wit over the smaller personal topics, sure a pleasing, scintillating wit, yet sending its rays but a brief way, like those dancing

fireflies seen on summer nights. Miss Prentice's humor shines particularly well in those friendly discussions (frequent at this house) upon the more important and impersonal subjects. Many a time was the young lady's gently spoken, humorous remark illuminating the entire subject, like a high power electric light suddenly turned upon some murky scene.

And often the clear argument of the dark-eyed, dimpled girl was triumphing in those discussions. Mainly they were started — largely, I'm thinking, to draw out Miss Prentice's ideas — by the spectacled, trim-whiskered, foreign young professor of sociology, Mr. Von Hagen, or by the stout, double-chinned, widely read bachelor lawyer, Mr. Cropsey.

Faith, Miss Prentice has the artistic sense more widely cultivated than I at first surmised. She is well versed regarding that fine art, painting.

In the musical line, she intends making concert tours in the South, sure, a creditable thing on every account, as her family is not rich. Last evening she took part in a concert given by skilled musicians in the Mendelssohn Hall. And she has lately supplied her services free in entertainments at charitable institutions.

The young lady is truly philanthropic, in the quiet way. She was recently paying for a poor

Italian boy's violin lessons. Only the urchin himself was telling me that. And she is enthusiastic for securing the people fine opera, at the city's expense, in Central Park on pleasant summer Saturday afternoons.

Miss Prentiss openly confesses her plentiful limitations. Sure, that pleases me. Several times she smilingly told Professor Von Hagen that she knew nothing of the subject he had introduced. One day she says to me, "I regret I've no aptitude — worth mentioning — for any of the natural sciences."

Her knowledge of painting was mentioned above. A fortnight since she was inviting me to see with her the special Hudson-Fulton Celebration Exhibit of the old Dutch masters in painting at the Metropolitan Museum.

Sure, that exhibit was the wondrous revelation to me, kindling the deepest interest. Several times I revisited the museum to study that remarkable collection. I likewise inspected those old masters being specially shown in the prominent art dealers' galleries. I eagerly read books regarding those world-famed artists, and repeatedly talked with Miss Prentice about them. Faith, from all that combined, I reaped far more benefit than from any other thing growing out of the big memorial celebration.

Some years since ye're knowing I read studiously of that long war in the Netherlands, and of that cunning, cruel old Duke of Alva during his invasion of that country. I followed attentively the entire career of the great William, Prince of Orange, and learned something, in the general way, of that galaxy of master painters appearing in the bloom of the Dutch Republic.

Now, I saw the immortal handiwork of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Teniers, Ruysdael, Hobbama, Cuyp, and others of the galaxy. Sure, those masters, ye feel convinced, faithfully mirrored, to the last degree, the life of the time and natural scenes of that country. And when any of those painters went outside those fields, the Dutch painstakingness and high technical skill sure never faltered. And those Dutch and Flemish old masters chose subjects of marked interest to mankind in general, though I was wishing that Hals had applied his genius to different themes than those he sometimes treated.

Oh, Mayme, could ye see the two portraits of Rembrandt, painted by himself! Sure one pictures a young man, comely, refined looking, and swiftly suggesting the artist. The other portrait represents a man of about fifty with the sturdy body and strong, yet decidedly plain face, the face of a man — I said to myself — well

liking yet not abusing his daily schnapps or home-brewed beer!

Faith, the artistic sense that I'm believing all have in some measure, and in me hitherto but little cultivated, ye'll be glad I've earnestly started developing — in one line at least! *Inter nos*, I'm much doubting whether Miss Prentice would marry a man who wasn't decently striving to develop that sense. Sure, the doubting about that was not alone urging me to study those masters,— I'll not deny it had the considerable influence!

I'll confess your betimes perplexed brother yet lacks any clear sign that Miss Prentice returns his deep affection. Some previous possible hints of that return have, however, lately appeared strengthened.

In those earlier weeks the young lady very genially accepted the country lad as her special escort on the quartette's pleasure trips, yet from the first she anticipated Denny's and Blanche Redmond's near-at-hand engagement, that indeed was presently announced. On the visit to the grand country house, and at the viewing of those celebration parades the country lad accompanied *two* young ladies. True, at that select party given by her college friend, he had the honor of escorting Miss Prentice. Yet she

had before met only him, of those men guests. Moreover, in her abounding kindness, she wished to give the untraveled newcomer the pleasant treat. Only that once was *I alone* accompanying the young lady in public.

Sure, lately a change has come. Twice was she inviting me to see with her those old masters — most commendable invitations, with my previous slight attention to art! At the Museum, and again at those prominent dealers' galleries, she introduced me to those several acquaintances she met, all high-society people. Sure, desire for my improvement — that she knows I'm ambitious for — may have mainly prompted those invitations. Of course, with the young lady's good breeding, those introductions inevitably followed.

Faith, stirred by gratitude, and likewise wishing to further attempt ascertaining her feeling towards me, last Thursday I asked for her company that evening at a certain high-class theater, to witness a play I had learned she fancied. She readily assented, and from those two-dollar orchestra seats we highly enjoyed the play.

I'll add that, on learning of my probable future position with Mr. Meath, she said, warmly, "I'm delighted."

From all those recent things, I've the increased hope of winning the young lady.

Yet betimes grave doubt besets me. Her way towards me continues unchanged. She is gentle spoken, easily smiling, congenially sociable. Yet never a tender look in the dark, handsome eyes, nor the peculiar joyous flush in the dimpled cheeks, like I saw, before her engagement, heightening the prettiness of Blanche Redmond, and betokening, I judged, the true love.

Sure, Denny and Miss Redmond knew of my affection for Miss Prentice, and they have favored my seeking her hand.

Last evening I asked cousin his opinion of my present standing with the young lady.

"My boy," he says, "I'm much inclined to think you're all right in that quarter. But the fine young lady is that undemonstrative in some things, I can't dope out a straight gilt-edged guess." In the afternoon, Blanche was volunteering the same opinion.

And faith, Mayme, I'm the mighty poor guesser about a maiden's heart flutterings regarding a lad, unless her outer manner strongly helps in the guessing. The past dozen years was I not keeping too shy of the girls to learn much of their subtle little ways and wiles, that Patsy was taking plentiful opportunities to observe? I'll

venture that, right now at Griggs's grocery store, a bevy of chattering, giggling girls is hovering about the lad's apron strings!

Sure, when the roaming, birdnest-robbing kid of fourteen, I was adoring in succession various young feminine charmers, the last being winsome Mary Delaney. But after Jerry McCarty had bested me in the hand-to-face fight over Mary, and that eleven-year-old siren had derisively and repeatedly turned up her small nose at me, faith, my adoration of any young charmer ceased!

And soon then was not the vanquished kid settling down—chiefly through your persuasion,—to his neglected school work, and to trying to make a man of himself?

Faith, for awhile he scarcely spoke with a young miss, except as the civilities required. Yet he had not turned woman hater. He still regarded those of the other sex *in general* as the fine flowers in the garden of mankind. He paid the homage of the lifted hat, the extra-smiling greetings, and betimes the pleasant deferential chats to all his feminine acquaintances, except those near the treacherous — as it then seemed to him — Mary Delaney age. Sure, after awhile those exceptions, too, had his homage. Indeed, the short social chats betimes with those feminines some-

what near his own age oftenest took the lively turn. And from those fair ones were supplied his partners for the waltz or two-step at the occasional parties he attended.

Yet in truth throughout that dozen years, work at the office and at book study, work with the needed exercise interspersed, that was the absorbing scheme. And never in that whole period did he experience a symptom of that unspeakably powerful yet tender feeling lately dominating in his heart. At Lanesboro the fair one to inspire that feeling never inexpressibly gladdened his sight!

Should the young lady reject my suit once for all, what then? Sure, this, I'll strive the harder to do things for the world's benefit. Life is the gift of God. I'll not waste or gravely impair it through vain repining over a hard knock of fate. Yet moments will come when the bruising ill-fortune cannot be cast from my thoughts. I'll never be altogether the happy lad I was before. Yet only you, — sure, not mother in her delicate health, — Denny, and Blanche Redmond shall share my secret.

Regarding possible rivals for Miss Prentice's hand. She mentioned yesterday her having called but twice since coming here on old acquaintances in the city. Never a gentleman

among them, I'm thinking, has she encouraged to call upon herself.

At this house she reigns the favorite. Yet Denny is already engaged. Davie Ferguson now boasts having the "stunning" best girl over in Brooklyn. Troopey and elderly Mr. Johns, the retired merchant, faith, are ineligible, being worshippers of the golden calf. For Miss Prentice has said, speaking in general, she thought that worship regrettable, though she commended the sensible pursuit of money-making.

By the way, Mr. Johns has fast pined away these past weeks, yet every pleasant day he totters off, bound for Wall Street, to speculate or the like. Ye might almost say he has one foot in the grave and two hands on the stock ticker! Sure, Mr. Cropsey, the stout, pleasant-faced, bachelor lawyer, seeming about fifty, and the much younger, distinguished-looking Professor Von Hagen, are doubtless congenial in many ways to the high-minded girl. Yet for neither gentleman, I'm believing, does she cherish the special deep feeling. Neither one, I'm confident, was on any occasion her chosen escort.

Yet, as before written to you, that honor may not have been given me at all from the impulse of love.

Well, you'll soon learn of Miss Prentice's

OF TERENCE QUINN McMANUS 175

feeling towards your brother, and he'll now end
this scribbled patchwork of his hopes and fears.

Affectionately,

TERENCE.

New York, Oct.

DEAR MAYME:

Sure, it's the hard task, writing this letter. Yet ye'll have the depressing story, straightforwardly told.

This afternoon I went walking in the Central Park, to brace myself for the trying ordeal to come at evening.

Arrived in the park, on soon observing that imposing Art Museum, I was gratefully recalling the young lady's deep kindness in kindling my interest in those "old masters." Then her numerous other kindnesses, highly benefiting me, and her bright companionship, increasing through these past weeks, for some time engrossed my thoughts. Sure, strolling on, I grew quite confident of the favorable outcome of my suit.

Faith, Mayme, the country lad was not forgetting Miss Prentice's superiority to himself. He was still thinking that her love or, short of that, her now apparent decided liking for him, includes what she believes he *will become*, as well as what he is. He had good ground for inferring that.

I was further thinking, "If with her it's love

yet in the germ, that germ, if undestroyed, may develop into the flowering plant." Then that palmist's words were recalled, "There'll be some delay you'd not expected, but you'll surely win her." Faith, I was now deciding, "If the suitor is not rejected once for all, he'll by no means leave discouraged regarding the final outcome."

Sure, feeling quite elated, I presently stopped, and for a while enjoyably watched the afternoon procession of elegant turn-outs on the noted East Drive. Then I was stirred to seek a wooded tract of the park, and find the pleasure of a true country lad among the trees.

After a little, while strolling in the wooded patch, I noticed opposite me, and maybe a rod away, a lady and gentleman occupying a short bench beside a laid-out path. Sure, the lady gazed straight ahead, facing from me, as the well-featured young man, turned towards her, angrily said, "Frankly, I don't like those goings-on I alluded to in my note last evening."

Sure, I'd walked a few steps further when the lady answered gently, "Herbert, you've no just occasion to be jealous of me."

Instantly I halted. "On my life," I was thinking, "the voice of Helen Prentice!"

Swiftly looking back, faith, I saw her familiar side face and profile, the thick blue-black hair

slanting low on the temple, the lustrous dark eye (now glancing conciliatingly at her companion), the plump, rosy cheek, straight Grecian nose, and sensitive, smiling mouth deepening the neighboring dimple! Sure, couldn't I speedily observe those charms, after all those times I'd admirably noted them? And the clear afternoon light now, and the observer scarce twenty-five feet away? Sure, the black plumed hat seemed a new one; yet the dark wrap looked familiar enough.

"Well," the young man presently says, "a friend of mine, who knew of my special attentions to you, told me last evening you'd been escorted about a number of times by that young Irishman — his name skips me. I've heard nothing against his character. But do you think, *Miss Prentice*," he says quite distantly, "that gallivanting was just the thing for an engaged young lady?"

Faith, an extra word here. None of our family, ye're knowing, was ever branded "eaves-dropper." Yet sure in *this* case, I'd felt it right to listen awhile.

"And another friend of yours, who knew of those attentions," Miss Prentice smilingly rejoins, "after highly commending the young gentleman referred to, introduced him to me. In various

chats I found him agreeable as well as high-minded. He was stopping in the house. Auntie, you know, was in the Berkshires. I liked to have the young gentleman escort me sometimes. He was always gentlemanly. I never attempted," Miss Prentice says, with the deepening dimples "to make love to him, and he never attempted it with me. Yet there was no ring until yesterday afternoon to divulge our secret engagement of two months ago." (Sure, it chanced I'd not seen Miss Prentice since yesterday until there in the park.)

"Well, my dear," the other says, affectionately, "I'll say no more of the gallivanting." Then he gently takes her hand, bearing that glistening token. And the tender smile he received!

Why should your brother linger further? Sure, with downcast head and a sinking at the heart, he hurried from the park. The deep depression followed him while riding in the avenue motor-bus. At first his thoughts kept dwelling on that main situation. He had fallen in love with an engaged young lady! Her fiance's tiff with her was affectionately arranged. Both were proud of the ring she wore. Your brother was out of the case, and must stay out.

Presently he was planning to dine late this evening with only motherly Mrs. Winn, who

delays over her coffee; and he'd try to avoid meeting till to-morrow Miss Prentice and every boarder, save Denny — and *talking* with *him* might be escaped, with his evening engagement out. That tramping now planned would make me that bodily tired, the night's sleep would likely follow despite the troubled mind.

On alighting at our street, sure I started walking from the renowned Avenue to the East River. That "East Side" section best suited my mood. More people there proportionately than in other city sections had the hard struggle; more met with the untoward fortune.

Soon I firmly concluded that Miss Prentice had not been culpable towards the country lad. He had not made known to her his love. If he had, doubtless she would have told him the situation, withholding her fiance's name, or giving it, after my pledge of secrecy.

Yet, with the lad not knowing that situation, his special feeling kept taking deeper root, and so his disappointment to-day was probably the heavier.

Sure, on that trip and since, melancholy was my dominating mood. Faith, the striking change in a child of Tom McManus!

Seated on a timber near that river, I gloomily meditated during the fading sunset, the gathering

dusk, and the earlier evening darkness. I recalled the sad episodes in various human lives portrayed in history.

Often that immortal elegy came to me there. Sure, some lines seemed closely fitting my case:

“A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.”

“And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

Faith, another frequently recalled line, “And Melancholy marked him for her own,” I finally decided, for my case, should probably read — of course ’twould not harmonize in the poem itself — “And Melancholy *marks* him for her own!” Only for these present days! Not a lasting marking that others can see, if my persevering at practical work avails to remove it — as seemed most likely.

Sure, at seven-forty I reached the house. Only Mrs. Winn and an attending servant were in the dining-room. On hearing that order, “Only soup and a cup of coffee,” Mrs. Winn gazes surprisedly at me, then kindly says, “You certainly look ill, Mr. McManus.”

“I am, Mrs. Winn,” I says, adding, “special diet seemed suitable for me to-night.”

Looking relieved, she says wisely, “I see — disturbed digestion.”

But little conversation followed till I soon left the room.

As before written, I'm hoping, after the night's rest, to have the decent courage. Yet, dear girl, this is the hard blow Fate has dealt me.

Sure, that sinking feeling at the heart still comes betimes, despite that coffee. Yet I feel equal to posting this doleful letter in the nearby mail box; on returning, will speedily undress and retire, hoping for soothing forgetfulness before Denny appears.

I'll leave on the 4 P.M. train to-morrow. So, when we meet face to face, ye'll already know of the depressing and deeply embarrassing ending of your brother's first true love affair.

Ever affectionately,

TERENCE.

The Next Morning, 10.30.

DEAR SISTER:

I'm the happiest man on earth. Will leave for home on the one o'clock train to-night. Now ye'll have another strange story.

After the long, deep sleep, with exhaustion one of its prominent factors, I dressed and, still showing the somewhat worn look, descended to the dining-room.

The clock there said nearly nine.

Four people were at the table, the landlady, proudly presiding at the big silver coffee urn, Mr. Cropsey, the able and double-chinned, the genteel, learned professor, and, sure, Helen Prentice herself. None of those were slaves to the ordinary business office hours.

Sure, this week Mrs. Redmond and Blanche are not lingering at the breakfast table over the tempting bits of light gossip. The dressmakers who are preparing Blanche's *trousseau* here must put in long enough hours.

Upon my coming to the table, courteous good mornings were exchanged. Then the two men resumed not over loudly, their earnest discussion on industrial insurance. But Mrs. Winn very soon says to me, "You're certainly looking

somewhat better this morning," and upon my making brief acknowledgment, she listens again to that discussion.

Thereupon Miss Prentice adds, "Mrs. Winn said when I first came down this morning that you appeared decidedly ill last evening. I was very, very sorry to hear that." (As she spoke, the discussion buzzed unbrokenly on.)

Sure, my only previous look at the young lady this morning had been the stealthy, embarrassed mere glance. But her words to me seemed that tenderly spoken, I now felt emboldened to gaze with some courage into her handsome face. On my life the *tender look* appeared there; leastwise, like that I'd seen Blanche bestow betimes on Denny. Sure, I was surprised, likewise deeply perplexed. Some mystery, wholly beyond me, seemed indicated. Anyhow, I felt impelled to answer feelingly, "Miss Prentice, I sincerely thank you!"

Sure, she had finished her breakfasting, and had not seemed interested in the insurance talk. Now, giving me the appreciative smile she arose and withdrew.

Faith, though still without appetite, I managed to take an egg with the coffee before presently leaving the table.

Upon my reaching the parlor-floor hall, Miss

Prentice stood waiting there, wearing the street costume lately familiar to me, the dark wrap, the gray skirt reaching to the tops of her little shoes, the tan kid gloves fitting the delicately made hands. (Downstairs I'd not taken notice about the ring.) The hat she wore yesterday in the park had been replaced by the less showy yet stylish one I'd often seen.

Sure, all that noted in a glance, before she soon says in the friendliest manner, "I'm going to suggest your taking with me a quiet and not very protracted walk in this morning's delightful air. I tested it before breakfast. I anticipate much good to us from the walk. I make no claim," she says, smiling, "of having psychic power. But from your manner in the dining-room this morning, I received the strong impression that your present trouble is mainly a mental one. Am I right?"

"It is that," I says, deeply embarrassed.

"Well, then," she continues with deep feeling, "I've the presentiment that I can help you."

"Sure," I says, very courteously, "I'm gravely doubting that ye can help me. Yet, if ye cannot, my present situation remains unchanged. Sometimes, however, this morning, ye've seemed hinting a mystery I cannot grasp. It's just possible ye may solve the mystery so that the outcome

will be favorable to me. Anyway, I prefer hearing what ye've to say on the subject."

Meantime, the handsome girl had stood sweetly smiling. And now, upon my taking from the rack hat and topcoat — brought there when intending a walk by myself—we stepped out onto the stoop.

There Miss Prentice genially says, "I think it would be nicer if we avoided the strollers on Fifth Avenue and pursued our quiet walk two blocks or so westward. The noisily playing kids are at their school tasks now. And 'all the air,' down there, 'a solemn stillness holds.'"

Giving the sudden start, I says, eagerly, "Are ye sure, Miss Prentice, that ye haven't *betimes* the mind-reading power? Were ye not knowing that I was deeply pondering last evening on that elegy ye just quoted from?"

"No, no, Terence," she swiftly protested, — sure, it was the first "Terence" she had addressed me — "I knew nothing at all of that pondering. The phrase happened to occur to me as expressive. That was all."

Sure, I believed her, yet the atmosphere of mystery was still about.

We were well past those neighbors' houses when Miss Prentice gently says, "Now, if you'll tell me your particular trouble, you'll pretty soon know if I can help you!"

I felt I should withhold nothing. Blushing from embarrassment, I says, "Miss Prentice, quite early in my stay here I fell in love with you; the feeling kept deepening and strengthening. Yesterday I learned that throughout that time you were an engaged young lady. Of course I had no suspicion of that. Yet ——"

"But, Terence," the girl beside me half-amusedly gurgles, "I'm positively *not* engaged. Who could have told you that fabrication?"

Then I recounted yesterday's scene in the park.

Whereupon the young lady, after a merry laugh, exclaims, "Now I understand. The girl you saw in that scene yesterday was my twin sister, Vivian. Though essentially a good girl, she has had such a flirtatious record, I haven't mentioned her to any one in the house. Let me explain a little. Vivian was a lively, beautiful, loving girl in the South, and surprisingly fickle towards her gentleman admirers. About a year ago she began a course in the Boston Conservatory of Music, auntie and she living together at a modest-priced family hotel. In her first school year she became engaged twice; each time she broke the engagement.

"This summer, Mr. Bonn, a rich young merchant, was devoted to her. In August he was called abroad by business. Several weeks later,



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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